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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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The Sociable at Barnes' Corners

SQUIRE WILSON'S HOME MISSIONARY WORK

By Mary Chahoon

THE breakfast dishes were not yet washed, and it was time to get the potatoes ready for dinner. The wind—November wind at that—howled drearily around the house, rattling the windows. The snow had blown up to the steps, and drifts filled the yard.

Inside, the scene was hardly less gloomy: the fire in the kitchen stove absolutely refused to burn in spite of various and repeated invitations, in the shape of shavings, the advertising page of the "Barnes' Corners Herald," and even a few drops of kerosene, cautiously poured from the little tin can on the pantry shelf, a remedy never used except in most extreme cases. At each cruel deception the teakettle was hopefully set in, only to be taken out when the blaze died away.

Mrs. Brown's faded old calico looked no more faded and old than did the wearer, as she went on with her work this morning, something in the same way that a squirrel turns the wheel in his cage—wasting force and accomplishing nothing. There was a hopelessness in her very manner of putting the dishes away. Usually she could look beyond and see the beginning of the end; today she was trying not to think.

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It was last Thanksgiving time that her husband had died, and although the salary he received, as minister in the little white Methodist church at Barnes' Corners, was very small—half, perhaps, in actual money, the rest in buckwheat and promises—they had managed to live, and happily, too, in spite of the fact that they were material creatures, and often longed for something beside "griddle cakes" and sermons. Every Sunday for nearly fifteen years had the members of his congregation listened to this true "Kingdom-of-Heavenite," as he preached to them, and few were the Sundays when his patient little wife had not sat in her seat, at the right of the pulpit, wearing the same tired look and faded checked shawl. Long ago the red and green checks had lost their identity. But it was drawn closer each winter, and she loved it for "old sake's sake," and then, too, she had no other.

For the last year Mrs. Brown and the four little Browns had had a hard time; but the neighbors were kind, bringing them offerings which they had set aside as tithes of what they possessed. Then Mrs. Brown helped Mrs. Green with her fall sewing, gladly taking cast-off clothing in payment, and several of the Methodist sisters had sent for her in preserving time, as they had an unusual amount of fruit to "put down." In this way she had managed to live until now, when there was wood to buy, and clothes for the children, whose thin, white faces saddened her continually.

The clock on the shelf above her head had struck eleven, and while she was wondering whether it would not be well to leave the tin things until the potatoes were peeled, she heard a loud knock and the stamping of feet at the front door, the latter characteristic of Barnes' Corners visitors, that plainly showed their careful home training. Mrs. Brown wiped her hands upon her gingham apron, and hung that beloved article on its own particular nail behind the pantry door, secretly wishing her white one were clean.

With an apologetic brush to her neatly combed hair she opened the door, and then 'Squire Wilson walked in, shaking the snow from his buffalo coat and woolen cap.

"Mis' Brown, good-mornin'," he said, in his hearty, good-natured voice. "Remarkably heavy snowstorm for November; but it's goin' to make sleighin', and folks say that Thanksgivin's not real Thanksgivin' 'thout sleighin'. What I come over for," he went on, as he took the chair that Mrs. Brown offered him, "is to tell you 'bout what was 'greed upon last night at the prayer-meetin'. You wa'n't out—too squally, I s'pose.

"Well, you know, we had a real excitin' time; 'twas a sort o' missionary meetin'—at least, that's what the parson's notice said in the mornin'—and when I heard of it I thought I'd better go. It turned out a good deal nicer than most missionary meetin's does, though." Here a look of embarrassment showed itself very plainly on the rough, weather-beaten face, and the 'Squire fumbled with his cap, as though he were sadly at a loss to know just how to say what was in his mind. But with a determined "ahem," and final twist to the cap, he went on. "You see, Mis' Brown, I hain't much of a church-goer, and sence the girl's mother died I hain't been hardly any. It's a great place to get to thinkin', church is, so I ginerally stays to home, and Letty goes. There's plenty of men to fill up the front seats, and pass the plate 'thout me. Speakin' of passin' the plate, do you know I think it's a mighty convenient way of gittin' out of puttin' anything in!

"Now, Mis' Brown, missionary meetin's and missionary business is probably all right for sich as likes 'em, but I've allers been a trifle skeery of 'em. Once I read somewheres, and it struck me pretty square, that the woman who makes flannel shirts for the Hottentots very often has Hottentots in her own family that has shirts as needs mendin'. Probably I hain't got it quite right, but the idee's the same, and I'd like to shake hands with the fellow as said it.

"But this hain't a-tellin' you what happened last night, and it's what I come for. Dinner time'll be here before I even gits started," and a colossal old-fashioned watch came out from the depths of his pocket and was carefully studied. "After the sermon and collection was over," he continued, "and they was on the last verse of Greenland's Icy Mountains, I kept a gittin' more and more uneasy, till at last I whispered to Letty and told her that when the singin' was over I was a-goin' to git up and say somethin'. She looked kinder surprised and kinder skeered, but she thought I had been converted by the meetin', so she looked kinder glad, too.

"Well, when they had got through their geography hymn, and had talked 'bout all the country 'from Altanta to the sea'" (the 'Squire's quotations were perhaps crude, but to the point, nevertheless), "the music stopped, and then there was an awful quiet stretch, when I knew that even the minister 'way up on the platform must have heard my heart goin' thumpety-thump, as I was a-wonderin' what to say when I got up. But as soon as I was fairly landed on my feet, and braced against the kneelin' stool, I didn't have no trouble a-findin' out what to say; the worst trouble was the thoughts come a-tumblin' on top of each other, and I had to keep a-stoppin' for breathin' spells. I could hear them all a-whisperin' when I got up, and I knew they was awful surprised, but I says to myself, 'They ain't half as surprised as you be, so go right along and show 'em you know what you're doin'."

"So I says: 'Sisters and brothers, I have been a-listenin' careful and heedful to all you've been a-sayin' 'bout India and China and sich places; and 'bout sendin' ministers to preach the Word of God to them heathen. Now, it may be all right to be a-takin' care of them people, even if they don't need the things you send to them, or want them, either; but in my mind it's anuff sight—I come near sayin' a dern sight, but stopped awful quick and coughed—it's anuff sight better, I say, to send your dry goods and your money to folks that does need them, folks that is almost a-starvin' for 'em, and has little children to look arter, and wood to buy for winter; folks that would thank God on their knees for jist what you're goin' to give them heathen, who probably won't care anything about them after all.

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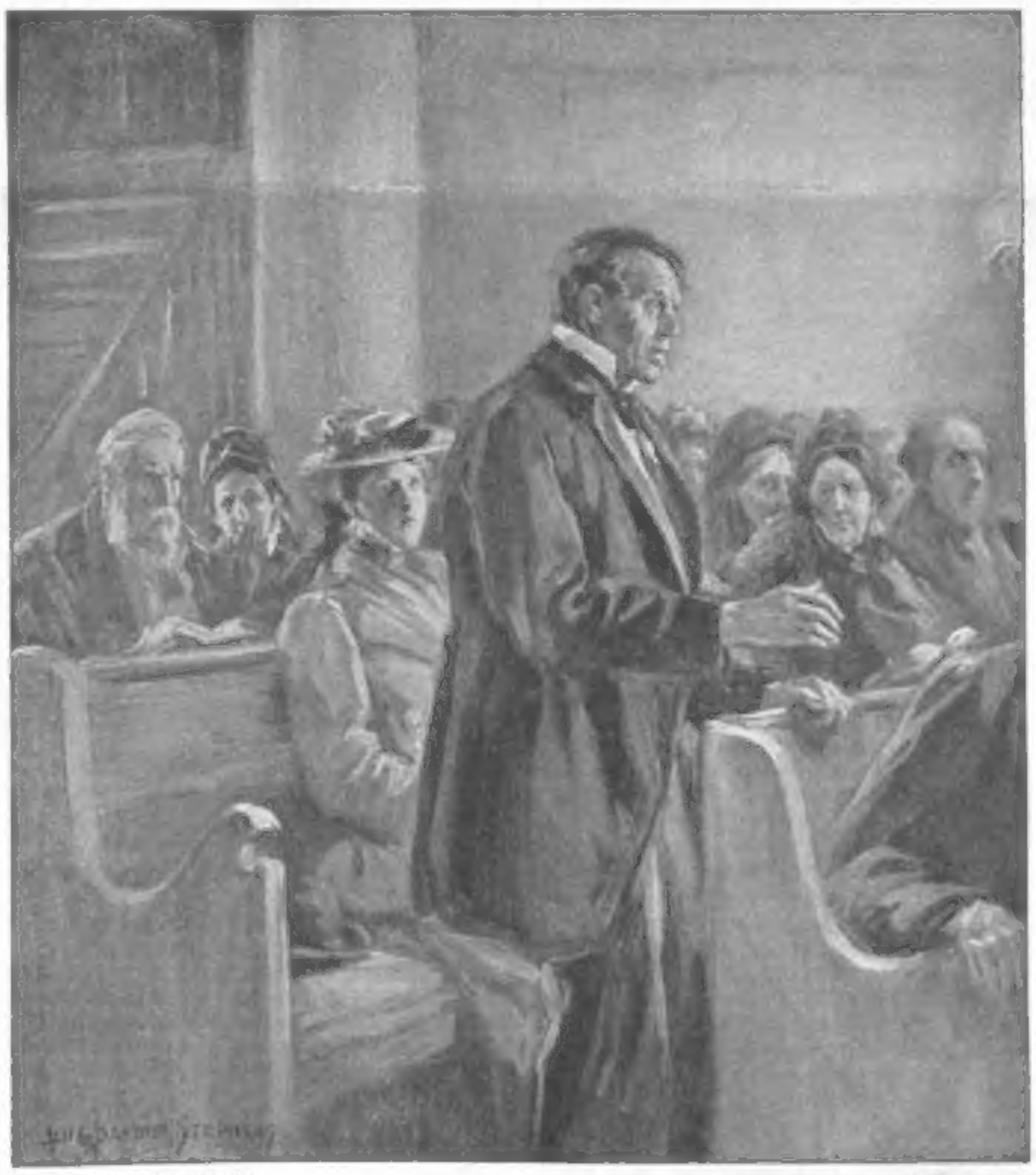
"'I guess you've all forgot a missionary that come to you once, who worked among you as faithfully as any man could work, and yet didn't git as much as a Testament that on a pinch he might have swapped for potatoes. He never complained when his quarter's salary wasn't paid, and his children had to be took out of school because they didn't have no shoes to wear; he didn't say a single word, and you can't say that about your other missionaries. Then what happened to him? Caught cold and died from walkin' and wadin' through snow to visit one of you who was sick, and no wood for a fire when he got home.'"

Here Mrs. Brown started, and a new light dawned upon her. With her face growing whiter and whiter, and her lip quivering, she finally put her head down on the table and sobbed like a child. All day she had tried to keep up, now it was a blessed relief just to have it all out in a good cry.

"Yes," went on the 'Squire, swallowing quickly and looking hard at a cardboard motto on the wall in front of him, "I told them what I thought, and that the best way for them to make it up to him now was by givin' his fam'ly a lift for the winter. Lots of them was a-cryin' when I sat down, and they didn't git on very well with the Doxology—it sounded kinder like frogs in the summer time. After meetin' was over we got together, and when we had done a considerable amount of talkin' 'twas finally agreed to give a 'sociable' Thanksgivin' night, and see if we can't raise a little money for you and the babies."

Here 'Squire Wilson rose to go, and as he put on his cap, drawing it close over his ears, regardless of conventionality, he looked at the poor little woman beside him, trying so hard to sob out the gratitude that was in her heart. Then all the loving tenderness in this rough, unpolished soul came to the surface, and laying a hand on her shoulder as gently as a woman might have done, he said, in a choky voice:

"There, now, Mis' Brown, you jist brace up; you're a plucky little woman, and have got some good friends a-backin' you. Come over and see Letty; it's awful hard for the little girl this Thanksgivin' 'thout her mother, but she's goin' right to work to have a Thanksgivin', jist as we used to; 'cause she says she can't bear to have things seem so different." Real tears stood in the man's eyes now—tears that no amount of hiding could keep Mrs. Brown from seeing, and as



DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"I COULD HEAR THEM ALL A-WHISPERIN' WHEN I GOT UP, AND I KNEW THEY WAS AWFUL SURPRISED"

she reached out her hand and he took it in both of his—each understood the other. Then the 'Squire went out, and Mrs. Brown found that the fire in the kitchen stove had started up while she was gone, so once more the tea-kettle was set in, and with a light heart she followed him to the door.

"Letty's comin' over this very afternoon," called out the 'Squire, as he unblanketed his horse, and brushed the snow from the seat of the sleigh. "She told me to tell you, and I 'most forgot. She wants to talk over the 'sociable' with you, and, by-the-way, here's a turkey for your Thanksgivin' dinner," and a veritable mastodon of the turkey type, all ready for the oven, was hauled out from under the seat. One of the little Browns was dispatched for it, and a smile broke all over Mrs. Brown's face, as visions of the dinner ahead floated in upon her. There were several packages, too, which proved to be the orthodox articles for Thanksgivings; and the youthful Brown was obliged to make several trips out to the sleigh.

In the afternoon Letty Wilson came over and she and Mrs. Brown sat down and talked together for a long time. There was a very deep, tender friendship between these two, strengthened by a common bond of sorrow that sometimes brings human hearts so near to, and so in touch with, one another. Letty had in Mrs. Brown the helper for which she had longed after her mother's death. She had been left strangely alone, for although her father dearly loved his child, yet it seems to take a woman to feel and understand what a woman wants most, and Letty had found a heart ready and eager to comfort her when she so needed comforting. Mrs. Brown grew to love her more and more as the days went on. She knew that Letty leaned upon her now, and is it not blessedly true that very seldom does the human heart fail to respond to a call like this?

It was as 'Squire Wilson had told Mrs. Brown, that a "sociable" had been decided upon as a means to get money for the winter supplies she needed. After ways and means had been thoroughly discussed, it was at last declared wisest to have the "sociable" at Deacon Jones'. It was unanimously agreed that his was the "handiest" house; and then, too, many would certainly come just to see the new carpet in the parlor.

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Now a "sociable" in Barnes' Corners vernacular simply means that everybody sends something to eat, and then comes and pays for the exquisite privilege of eating it. The proceeds from this entertainment were to go to Mrs. Brown, and for the next three days the entire village, usually in the midst of a Rip Van Winkle nap, was plunged into a state of wild excitement such as it had not known since Presidential election.

And especially did the Jones place fairly teem with life. The large, old-fashioned parlor, one of the "amphibious" sort that Aldrich talks about, was swept and garnished; a roaring fire was started early in the voluminous wood stove; fresh tidies put upon the backs of the stiff, uncompromising old chairs, and the red plush photograph album taken out of the lower drawer in the "spare room" and safely deposited by Mrs. Jones and three other Deacons' wives who had volunteered their services, upon a brass standard on the centre-table. Three small representatives of the tribe of Jones assisted at the operation. All day had they wandered round from room to room, with eyes and mouths in an habitually elongated shape, wondering what new excitement the next moment might bring forth.

During the entire day the most wonderful baskets were left at the house, each containing the culinary peculiarities of the different Methodist sisters. As seven o'clock drew near, the dining-table was stretched to its utmost capacity, and strongly resembled a dime museum or a five-cent restaurant counter. Mrs. Harris' cake had the place of honor in the centre, because, as Mrs. Wild said, "She's the oldest and the touchiest." What an architectural triumph it was, too, looking strangely like the Eiffel Tower or the Washington Monument, as one wished to regard it. As it went up and up into space, growing smaller and smaller in the distance, somehow you remembered reading "Jack and the Beanstalk" once, and the thought came to you that if you ever could rise to its unexplored heights, perhaps the inoffensive, little walnut that crowned the summit might become some vast treasure of the fairy-land type. It was really something to fire the imagination.

Mrs. White sent a jar of "sweet pickles," whose fame, like that of a lyric friend of ours, had "spread abroad through the nations." There never were any other pickles quite like them, for which fact didn't Mrs. Green say she was devoutly thankful, although everybody knew, and she "knew that they knew," she made regular annual attempts at them, and always failed. Then came Mrs. Smith's "sponge cake," the sort that invariably "fell" whenever any one else made it. Mrs. Jenkins' basket had sandwiches, made of ham of their "own killin' and curin'," she told the people. Mrs. Blake sent some "elderberry wine," with an explanatory note saying it was "strictly temperate," so they needn't be afraid to pass it around, even if it was at a "sociable" where the minister would be.

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By this time the people had begun to come, the Brown family being the first. One had but to gaze just once upon them to realize the importance of this event. Mrs. Brown's eyes did not look nearly as tired as usual, although she had been the rounds of four very sticky little faces on an average of every half hour all day. The old merino she wore to-night had been brushed and sponged until it fairly shone when the lamplight fell upon it; and perhaps it was the thought of beefsteak and coffee for the children next Sunday that made the sad face brighter than it had looked for a long time. And the four little Browns! Who could possibly mistake the fact that this had been a "red letter day" in their lives, in spite of the hopelessly clean condition to which they were reduced? And the joy in their poor little hearts reached the very highest pitch when, after supper, and that event came off early in the hope that some one might be tempted to eat twice, they were sent out to the dining-room and told they might eat all they wanted to! Quickly they took possession of what they could find, even in one or two cases clearing up a plate or two upon which had been left a supply of good things most wonderful to the little Browns, who could not understand any mortal so depraved as not to eat all he could get. At last they went back to their mother's protecting care, and for, I doubt not, the first time since they had reached sufficient years of discretion to appreciate the charm of "ice cream," there was no longing for "another plate" of the beloved article they so highly prized.

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The most important feature at all country gatherings is the minister, and young Mr. Winters strutted around among his people in all the dignity of his calling and faded "Prince Albert."

Many were the timid glances cast in his direction by the female portion of his congregation, but he was stoically indifferent to all advances, feeling, perhaps, his imminent danger while in a town where "unsuited maidens," as some one charitably calls them, were in the majority.

All you who have by a cruel fate been denied the pleasure of a "sociable" can never appreciate its "infinite variety." For where else in the whole world could one play "string" in the sitting-room, "drop the handkerchief" in the "wing," and "twenty questions," in the hall, at the same time? Where, let me repeat the question, could one have a better visit with one's neighbors, who are busy all through the day, than right here in Mrs. Jones' "parlor-bedroom," away from the noisy ones of the company? Everybody is feeling so comfortable and happy to-night—the world looks bright at "sociables." To-morrow it will be cold, the children will probably be tired and cross, but no one thinks of that now. The present is a time of unalloyed happiness.

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In the parlor the squeaky old organ—everything is old at Barnes' Corners—is doing its best to be entertaining through the medium of Miss Amanda Jenkins. The Mocking Bird, with many variations, is finished, and somebody has asked for Old Folks at Home.

Blessed old tune—you may be called antiquated and out of date; well, perhaps you are, but, nevertheless, your power is felt, even by those who ridicule you. To-night, as the first note was struck, it seemed like a signal for the uniting of the clans. The younger ones stopped their games and gathered in stiff awkwardness around the organ, while the older generation sat where they might catch a word here and there, or at least follow the tune with quivering, uncertain voices.

Hard faces grew softer; tired ones less tired; discouraged ones more hopeful as the memory of "one little hut among the bushes" floated away into the heart of each one that listened.

It was late when 'Squire Wilson came into the room and walked over to the corner where Mrs. Brown sat, a little Brown asleep in her arms and the rest reposing comfortably in different parts of the room. A box was handed to her, and in a choky voice the 'Squire announced that nearly three hundred dollars had been taken in that night.

There were a great many people at the "sociable" who looked "teary" around the lashes, as, at the end of the simple, homely little speech they rose to go home. As for Mrs. Brown, she tried to thank them, but couldn't possibly. She had never seen so much money before.

This commonplace little story is nearly finished, but there is one thing more I want to tell you who are interested in the poor little woman, whose brave heart might speak to a good many of us. Going home something happened, something just as commonplace, most of you will think, as is this little story, and yet the most severe critic would hesitate before calling "commonplace" the happiness in two faces.

The buckwheat diet is given up now; and the next Sunday the entire tribe of Browns marched into church, only, instead of sitting at the right of the pulpit, Mrs. Brown hesitatingly took her place in 'Squire Wilson's pew, nearer the door.

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Playing to their Vanity.—When Rowland Hill was once preaching for a public charity, a note was handed up to him asking if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute. He noticed the matter in the course of his sermon, and said decidedly that such a person could not do so in Christian honesty. "But, my friends," he added, "I would advise you, who are not insolvent, not to pass the plate this evening, as the people will be sure to say, 'There goes the bankrupt!'"

DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"THERE WERE A GREAT MANY PEOPLE AT THE 'SOCIABLE'"

My Delft Apothecary Jars

HUMORS OF AN ART SEARCH

By Alice Morse Earle

THE circumstances under which I first saw my old Delft apothecary jars were so painful, so mortifying, that for a long time I could not bear even to think of them; but now, as years have passed, I will write an account of that unique adventure.

We were one day hunting about in old Narragansett for ancient china and Colonial furniture, but we had met with little success. At last, we found a clew.

We were driving slowly along in our village cart, when the door of a long, low woodshed opened and an elderly man walked out on the single broad, stone step, staring at us as we passed by. He had in one hand a piece of dark wood which he was rubbing with sandpaper. We had driven past his door, when my companion exclaimed: "That man had a claw-foot."

"A claw-foot?" I asked in astonishment—"a cloven foot or a club-foot, perhaps?"

"No, you goose; that man had in his hand a claw-foot—the leg of a chair, and I am going back to see to what it belongs."

So we whisked the pony around and drove to the door; we then saw in the one dingy window a small sign bearing the words, "Elam Chadsey—General Repairer."

"Are you Mr. Chadsey?" my fellow-china-hunter asked. "We saw you with something that looked old-fashioned in your hand, and we thought you might have or know of some antique furniture or old crockery that you would be willing to sell."

"Wall, I ain't got any to sell, I only mend furnitoor. No-o—I don't know of none—except—— What do you want?"

"Oh, anything that is old; china especially; old blue pie-plates, pitchers, jars, or such things."

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Elam slowly answered: "I know some old blue-an'-white crockery preserve jars, or jell-pots, ye might call 'em, which I ruther think ye could get ef ye want 'em. Ye see, Abiel Hartshorn, he's a widower an' he's a-goin' ter marry a schoolmarm up ter the corners, an' he's a-goin' ter sell the farm, an' she come down ter see what things she wanted saved out of the house fur her. An' Abiel's fust wife she had all these old blue-an'-white pots with letters on 'em, an' some had long spouts, an' she always kep' her preserves an' jelly an' sweet pickles in 'em. This woman see 'em an' was real pleased with 'em, but her brother was along with her, an' he's a clerk in a drug store, an' he bust out a-larfin, an' says he, 'Them letters on them jell-pots means senna, an' jalap, an' calomel, an' all sorts of horrid, bad-tastin' medicines.' An' then she fired right up, an' says she, 'Ef Abiel's fust wife did use' em I won't have any of my preserves kep' in them horrid-tastin' old medicine bottles,' so I guess Abiel would be glad enough ter sell 'em fur most anything."

We suspected at once that these "jell-pots" with blue lettering of the names of drugs were Delft apothecary jars, and that the "ones with spouts" were the old jars, so rarely seen, that are identical in shape with old "siroop-pots." We asked eagerly where we could see the "jell-pots."

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"Abiel's house is about two mile 'n' a harf from here by the road. I tell ye what ye can do. Ye may as well see 'em now 's ever. Go down the road an' turn the fust road ter the right. Go on to the fust house ye come to. I'd better come; Abiel wouldn't let ye see 'em ef ye went alone."

When we reached the farmhouse we found it deserted and still, so we sat down on the stone doorstep and waited for Elam Chadsey; at last he climbed the stone wall.

"Ain't Abiel at hum? All the better; then he won't know any city folks want 'em an' put the price up on ye."

He prowled around the house, trying to open the doors and the windows, but to his amazement he found all carefully locked.

"The ninny!" he said indignantly, "he ain't got nothin' to steal! It makes me mad. The dresser stan's right in that room an' them jars is on top of it; ef ye could only see in that winder ye could look right at it; then ye'd know whether ye wanted 'em."

"Isn't there anything I could climb up on?" I asked doubtfully.

He searched in the woodshed for a ladder, but with no success. At last he called out: "I guess ef you two'll help me a little we can pull this round fur ye to stand on."

"This" was a hen-coop or hen-house, evidently in present use as a hen-habitation. Its sides were about four feet high, and from them ran up a pointed roof, the highest peak of which was about five feet and a half from the ground.

"There," he exclaimed triumphantly, as he pushed it under the window, "ef ye can git up an' stan' on that ye can see in. Then"—vindictively—"we'll leave it here fur Abiel to drag back himself, to pay him fur bein' such a gump as to lock his doors. I guess it'll hold ye, if ye are pretty hefty."

I may as well state the annoying fact that to be "pretty hefty" is a great drawback in searches after "antiques." You cannot climb up narrow, steep ladders and through square holes into treasure-holding attic lofts, as may a slender antique hunter. You must remain patiently below and let her shout down, telling and describing what is above. It is such a trial to an explorer to have to explore by proxy, especially when you know you could discover more than any one else possibly could.

I determined that "heft" should not be an obstacle to me in this case, though the hen-house did look rather steep and high, and I bravely started to climb. I placed one knee, then the other, and then my feet upon the ledge at the edge of the roof, while Elam Chadsey pushed. He weighed about one hundred pounds, and was thin, wizened and wrinkled to the last New England degree. He braced his feet firmly in the ground, set his teeth, and pushed with might and main. Alone I scaled the second height. I had barely set my feet firmly on the peak of the roof, had shaded my eyes from the sunlight with one hand, while I clung to the window-frame with the other, had caught one glimpse of a row of blue-and-white apothecary jars, when—crack!—smash! went the frail roof, and down I went—into the hen-house!

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In spite of my distress of mind and my discomfort of body, one impression overwhelmed all others—the anguish and consternation of Elam Chadsey. He darted from side to side, exactly like a distracted hen; he literally groaned aloud.

"Darn that gump of an Abiel Hartshorn. He's the biggest fool in Rhode Island—lockin' up his house jest 'cause he's goin' away, an' gettin' us in this fix. Wait, miss, keep still, an' I'll try to find an axe to chop ye out."

Wait! Keep still! Indeed I would. I couldn't do otherwise. Off he ran to the woodshed and soon came back madder than ever; he fairly sizzled.

"Oh, the ninny! the big donkey! his axe is in the house. What do you s'pose he locked it up fur? I'll tell him what I think of him. Ye ain't hurted much, be ye, miss?"

"Oh, no," I answered calmly, "I'm all right as long as I keep still. But if I try to move there are several big and very sharp splinters that stick into me, and nails, too, I think—rusty nails, which will probably give me lock-jaw. Oh, Mr. Chadsey, are there many eggs in this house?"

"Not many hull ones, I'll bet. Oh, no!"—very scornfully—"I s'pose Abiel took 'em into the house to lock 'em up—the ninny. He's the biggest ninny I ever see. Do ye think, miss, if we could manage to tip the hen-house over, that we could drag ye out?"

"No," I answered vehemently, "the splinters are all pointing downward, and if you try to pull me out they will all stick into me worse than they do now. I have got to be chopped out of this trap, and you must go home, or somewhere, or anywhere, and get an axe to do it. Take our horse and drive there, and do be careful when you go around the corners, or the cart will upset—and do, oh, do hurry. Kate, you had better go with him and drive; our pony is so queer and tricky, and Mr. Chadsey might have trouble with him. Now, don't object; nothing can happen to me in my fortress."

So, rather unwillingly, Kate drove off with Elam Chadsey, he muttering to himself, "That Abiel Hartshorn's the biggest ninny in the whole State of Rhode Island."

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I was alone in my hen-house. I was not at all uncomfortable—while I kept still—though I was "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd." The true china-hunting madness filled my brain as I thought of the row of fine blue-and-white apothecary jars which would soon be mine, and other thoughts were crowded out. The calm and quiet of the beautiful day also soothed and cheered me in spite of myself. Flickering patches of glowing sunlight shone down on my head through the feathery pale-green foliage, and sweet-scented pink and white blossoms of the graceful locust trees that form such a glory in early summer throughout Narragansett. Great fields of opening clover wafted their fresh balm in little puffs of pure sweetness that routed the combined fragrance of locust, bayberry and brier. Bees hummed and buzzed through the fragrant, flowering branches over my head; singing birds flew lightly and warbled softly around. A flood of light, and perfume, and melody, filled me with delight in spite of my awkward imprisonment; and I fairly laughed aloud, and frightened the hens and chickens that had come clucking round me in inquisitive wonder at the invasion of their home.

But my ill-timed and absurd sense of being in a summer paradise did not last long, for in a few minutes I heard the loud clatter of wheels coming down the lane from the opposite direction to that which had been taken by the hurrying pair. Of course, I could not see, for I had fallen with my face toward the house, and I did not like to try to turn around—it inconvenienced the splinters so. The sound came nearer and nearer, and at last I managed to turn my head enough to see a country horse and wagon with two men. Then I leaned my face on my folded arms, and I hoped and prayed that they might drive past. But, to my horror, to my intense mortification, they turned and came up the driveway and underneath the shed of the Hartshorn house.

A great dog bounded around and stared at me. I heard around the corner the murmuring sounds of suppressed laughter and eager questioning, of which one sentence only came distinctly to my ears: "Queer sort of hens you keep, Hartshorn"; and then the two men came round the house.

I hardly know what I said; I think it was this: "If you are Mr. Hartshorn, I must beg your pardon for my sudden, impertinent and most unexpected intrusion on the privacy of your hen-house" (here we all three burst out laughing), "and I must ask if you will please get your axe and chop up your own hen-house in order to get me out."

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Without asking me one single question, Hartshorn ran into the house, brought out his hidden axe, and while the boards were firmly held by the other man (who, alas, was young and well dressed, and who proved to be the city purchaser of the farm), Abiel carefully chopped and split. I heroically bore this undignified ordeal in silence, until at last I was released.

"Come into the house," Abiel said with wonderful hospitality to so impertinent an intruder, "ye must be a leetle tired of standin'; ye ain't hurt much, air ye?"

"Oh, no," I answered, "only some deep scratches, but let me explain to you"—and I did explain with much self-abasement.

In the meantime the distracted Chadsey and Kate had obtained the axe and were on their way back to the scene of disaster. As soon as they were within full view of the house she burst forth: "Why, she is gone! Where can she be? Do you suppose she has fainted and sunk into the hen-house? No, I can see, it is empty; she has got out of it somehow." Then she jumped out of the cart and ran up the path and in through the open door and found me sitting, calmly talking with the well-dressed young man.

From the kitchen we heard sounds of violent and vituperative altercation.

"Abiel Hartshorn, yer the biggest fool I ever see. What did ye lock yer house up in the daytime fur?"

"To keep out jest such pryin' haddocks as you and them be."

"Ye ain't got nothin' in it, anyway."

"Then what did you and her want to peek in fur?"

"Such a rotten old hen-house I never see."

"'Tain't made as a platform fur to hold a woman of her size."

"She don't weigh much."

"She do, too. Ye ain't no judge of heft, Elam; ye don't weigh enough yerself."

"What did yer lock up yer axe fur?"

"Ef I'd a-knowed yer'd a-wanted it so bad, I'd a-perlitely left it out fur ye."

"Wal, I never heard of sech a thing as lockin' up a house in the daytime, and yer axe, too—how could ye be sech a fool? Say, Abiel, she looked funny, didn't she?"

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All's well that ends well. Abiel, having sold the farm, was glad to sell the roofless hen-house for two dollars, and he eagerly gave me the drug-pots. The former antique was never claimed, and the blue-and-white jars proved for many months too painful and too hateful a reminder to have in sight. Now they stand on table and shelf—pretty posy-holders, but severe and unceasing monitors. Their clear blue letters—"Succ: E, Spin: C" and "U, Althæ" and "C: Rosar: R"—speak not to me of drugs and syrups, of lohocks and electuaries; they are abbreviations of various Biblical proverbs such as "Every fool will be meddling," "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness," "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," etc. And the little ill-drawn blue cherubs that further decorate the drug-pots seem always to wink and smirk maliciously at me, and to hold their fat sides as though they were thinking of the first time they peeped at me, and jeered at me out of the window of the gray old farmhouse.

I cannot tell a romantic story of a further acquaintance with the good-looking young man; I never saw him again, and I am sure I never want to. Still, I know, ah, too well I know, that he often thinks of me. On that masculine susceptible young heart I know I made an impression at first sight. And when he welcomes visitors to his country home I know he often speaks of his first glimpse of the house—and of me. 'Tis pleasant to know my memory will ever bring to one face a cheerful smile, and furnish a never-failing "good story"—nay, to three, for I know that Elam Chadsey and Abiel Hartshorn both keep my memory green; that to them my mishap was "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever."

Living Under Whip and Spur

THE STORY OF A SUBMERGED SOCIETY WOMAN

By Emily Huntington Miller

MRS. DOLTON sat in her easy chair, charmingly dressed, with only the remotest suggestion of the invalid in face and manner. The table at her elbow, with its flowers and fruit and freshly cut magazines, was a vague hint of the world outside, and the little drift of notes in her lap helped the impression.

"After all," she said, "even nervous exhaustion has its compensations. I'm sure we never had such fascinating programs for the clubs; and to think that they have all been arranged without my being on a single committee."

"Shows you're not so essential as you thought you were," said her husband, looking up from his evening paper.

"Well, perhaps so; it proves, at least, that when I am absolutely out of the question some one can be found to do the work; but one would hardly be willing to die to demonstrate that."

"'One' very nearly did." Mr. Dolton dropped his newspaper upon the carpet and gathered a sheaf of missives, variously decorated with seals, monograms and inscriptions, from his wife's lap. "Did these all come to-day?"

"Oh, no; they have been arriving for weeks, I suppose, but the nurse would not let me see them."

"Would you mind telling me what they were all about, and what special good comes to you or to the universe from devoting your days and nights to them? This one, for instance, has a very substantial appearance—as if it might be good for the dress-circle in the midst of the very best society."

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"Don't pretend you are ignorant of the Colonial Dames, Henry. You are just as proud of Great-Grandfather Morris as I am. Besides, that doesn't mean anything but just belonging—your fee, of course."

"I seem to have a vague recollection of a blue-and-white exhibition, where all the old colonial ware that could be collected was displayed for a week, and of a woman who nearly went crazy with anxiety lest some precious thing should be broken, and who packed every piece herself——"

"Oh, do stop; it gives me a nightmare to think of it; but it was such a success, and I half promised, if I ever get rested——"

"Yes," said her husband, as she suddenly paused, "that was certainly a success. We might never have known who had the most or the oldest blue cups and platters. Well, how about this? Can a dame be a daughter also?"

"Why not? That is just showing a proper interest in the history of your country. It is only one afternoon in the month, and you have papers on early history, and colonial teas, or something of that sort, for days like Washington's Birthday, and you procure flags and pictures and patriotic lectures for the public schools. It's training the children for good citizenship, you know."

"Yes, I know. It is excellent for the citizens. Ah, now we are coming to business. Here is something more than mere frivolity—the Current Events Club. It would be curious to know what a woman means by current events."

"The great affairs of the world at home and abroad; and I can tell you there's a wide-awake set of women in that club. Nearly all of them belong to the Civic Reform Club, and the discussions were enough to make your head whirl."

"I see, it makes my head whirl only to imagine it—the Eastern question, I suppose, and Cuba, and the annexation of Hawaii, with a little light conversation on the currency and tariff. Here's one that looks tempting—the Consumers' League. Is that an offensive or defensive organization, and what do you consume besides yourselves?"

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"I think myself that name is not very suggestive, but perhaps that is why they chose it. You don't know what they may be going to do, and so far we haven't really done anything. But we have a committee to find out what shops treat their women clerks most considerately, giving them comfortable lunchrooms, not cutting their wages unreasonably, or employing children under age, or keeping them over hours. And then we have a white list, and pledge ourselves to trade only at these places."

"Excellent; and how did it work?"

"Well, you see, it involves a great deal of work, and the merchants seemed to resent it, and half the committee resigned, but we thought if we could raise money for some public addresses and to circulate literature we might awaken more interest. That is what the course of lectures is for."

"And this lecture on Concepts of Buddhism—is that to awaken interest also, and do you expect to need ten tickets for a lecture on a subject too deep for ordinary minds?"

"That's an imposition, and I am always vowing not to submit to it. A woman sends you ten or twenty-five tickets to something she is interested in, with a note asking you either to sell them or return them at once. She knows you'll not sell them, and she counts upon you either to take them yourself or to forget the whole thing, until you are ashamed not to send the money. It happens every winter."

"Here's an intellectual menu for you without price: Studies in the Renaissance, with a Cursory View of the Golden Age of Greece, the Dark Ages, and the Augustan Era, and supplemented by private readings from Prescott, Taine, Macaulay, Bacon, Shakespeare, Bulwer, etc. If there's one thing that more than another commands my admiration in women it is their courage——"

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"Henry! you are not going to be sarcastic at the expense of the Ruskin Club. It is the darling of my heart, and that program is a feast."

"So it is. But think for a moment of serving up the Revival of Letters, Precursors of the Renaissance, Petrarch, and Humanism, Dante, and Boccaccio for one evening, followed by a discussion on the Grievance of the American Indian! And here is the Art Guild, which I see is to furnish its members with a fascinating course of parlor lectures, in preparation for which they are advised to read, etc. The department of child study in the Cosmopolis Club will be addressed from time to time by specialists, and the department of sanitation and domestic science will be offered courses of unusual interest, conducted by specialists, also. The Handel Society proposes to make a study of the great oratorios; the Social Settlement Conferences will consider the tenement-house question and the better housing of the poor; the Woman's Educational Association is to investigate abuses and deficiencies in our public school system—my dear Helen, is it possible that any woman living ever spread herself over all these claimants?"

"I did; lots of women do. Not really to make a business of them all, but to help a little here and there, and get ideas and inspiration. That doesn't begin to tell the story, either. There is the whole procession of home and foreign missionary societies, Pastor's Aid, United Charities, the poor to be cared for, the sick to be looked up, strangers visited, and one can't quite ignore social duties——"

"And, incidentally, one might wish sometimes to give a passing thought to one's home and family——"

"That's the worst of it—the other things that you wish to do, and feel you ought to do. It's working perpetually under the goad in your effort to get to them, followed and haunted by the ghosts of things undone. I think I have had as much satisfaction out of life as most women—I know I've done my part without shirking—but I've lived under whip and spur until I really couldn't sleep without waking with a start to wonder if there wasn't something I ought to be doing."

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There was a little silence, and Mr. Dolton glanced furtively at his wife and took her hand in his strong, steady clasp.

"I've often wished," he said lightly, "that women had some perfectly unobjectionable habit that would take for them the place that smoking does for a man. If a woman could drop everything three or four times a day, and sit down for fifteen minutes and think of nothing, her body, her mind and even her conscience absolutely torpid, it would be her salvation physically. She is too strenuous, too deadly in earnest. If she sits down, she must be doing something with her hands; if her hands are not busy she is planning the next move, and all the time her abnormal conscience is pricking and reproaching her. Suppose we throw these temptations of the adversary into the fire, and forget for one blessed year that there is anybody in the universe to be improved or ameliorated."

"Oh, no; I couldn't do that. I don't wish to drop out of the world, and I couldn't be so utterly selfish as to shirk all my duties. My conscience wouldn't let me."

"If it were only your conscience; but a woman has to satisfy the consciences of all her friends, who assume to decide upon her responsibilities."

"Well, how are you going to escape the other woman's conscience when she remarks, 'You know you have no children, Mrs. Dolton,' as a covert reminder that she, who has six, has promised work on the program; or, 'It seems as if we who are so rich in all that makes life beautiful ought to do something to bring helping influences into the lives of these working-girls.' It is all true, and you go on undertaking one thing after another. It is next to impossible to choose."

"Let me choose for you," said Mr. Dolton, energetically. "Here are all these reading and lecture and study courses, to begin with. Seal them up in one package with the label, 'And Satan said, Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.' Then try just for one winter reading what you really like, at your own pace, and for pure delight. I'll warrant more satisfactory results than from trying to absorb and digest an olla podrida of all human learning, with the disheartening idea that in some way you must demonstrate that you have swallowed it by trying to reproduce it."

"What about the church societies?"

"Choose there also. There is no possible reason why a few women should carry all the church work. There are plenty of others who would come forward if it were not tacitly assumed that certain ones must needs lead in everything."

"But if they will not take hold, and the work suffers?"

"That is always the assumption, and my assumption is as good as yours. They would take hold if they felt they were needed."

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"It isn't an easy thing to plan one's life so that it is neither empty nor crowded."

"Does it seem necessary to do so much planning? I should like to reverse all the patent homilies to women and say: Don't plan life too rigidly; let things happen; never mind about getting something tangible out of every scrap and fragment of time. Leave some gaps for leisure, and don't feel that nothing makes life worth living but the ability to enter in each day's balance 'some worthy action done.' But then I am only a stupid man, with no 'fine spiritual sense of the eternal harmonies.'"

Mrs. Dolton smiled faintly at the quotation from a club paper that had amused them both, but she was absently tracing on the back of the program of the Society for Psychical Research: "And Satan said, Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

"Henry," she said presently, "it does not seem to me that was exactly what Satan said."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Dolton, picking up his paper; "he has a great many ways of saying it. Sometimes it is Mrs. Jones, instead of the gods, but it is the same old story of Paradise lost."—Congregationalist.

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When a Bicycle Saved my Life

A FIERCE BATTLE WITH WOLVES

I INTENDED to break the record, as the slang phrase goes—no very difficult matter, I reflected, so far as a Canadian winter record on the bicycle was concerned. To do so, however, required judgment. I knew that I had the long rise into the forest before me and I must reserve my strength for that. I went steadily on!

I had crossed the level at last, and I knew I had done well. The light was bright enough to see the time, but I decided to wait until I entered the forest. It was no longer quite so easy to keep the bicycle up to speed. There was more effort in the pressure on the pedals, a little more sensation in the muscles of the legs as I did so. I looked around. Yes, I had already made a rise of a good many feet. The slope was regular, but not steep enough to reduce my speed. As I went I glanced from side to side—for I was conscious of the oppressive solitude of the forest; but my pace was *not* retarded for a moment. One of the sleighing party had been talking of wolves. The winter, it seemed, had been an early one, and it certainly had been severe. The wolves, he had said, had been showing in packs not twenty miles to the north. There was not a sound but the low crisp crunch of the snow under the wheels of my machine, and even that seemed hushed and distant. Yet what was that? Was it fancy, or did I hear something shrill, piercing, yet faint, in the far distance on my right hand? Surely there was something—if it was only the wail of a distant gust of wind moaning through the frozen pines! I bent over the bicycle and concentrated my energies upon facing the long ascent. There it was again! It was no wail of the northern wind—no swaying of the frozen forest. It was the cry of a living thing. It was Nature's savage complaint against the pangs of hunger!

On and on I flew. There was not a breath of wind to stir the lightest snowflake on the tenderest spray, yet my hair was blown back from my brow, where great drops of perspiration now gathered and began to trickle down my face. On and on! without a thought but that of pressing forward, without a hope but that of reaching the descent of the slope and the edge of the forest. And as I went I knew that I was followed. From the dim arcades on my right came, from time to time, a short gasping howl cut short in the moment of utterance by the exertions of the chase. They had seen me and now they were in full cry.

It was a race for bare life. I leaned forward, and threw every energy I possessed into the one effort to press on. The trees flitted past me like ghosts. The long hanging boughs nearly brushed my face as I swept past. The cold air blew in my face and carried even the heavy fur of my coat behind me as I rushed through the night. And yet my pursuers did not lose ground. On the contrary, they were gaining. Not quickly, not with a rush; but slowly, with a monotony that was ghastly beyond expression. I clenched my teeth with fierce determination. I kept my eyes fixed on the line of light that stretched on and on in front.

The strain was telling on me now. There was a wild buzzing in my head, there was a weary feeling growing in my limbs, there was a despairing sense of the uselessness of effort growing stronger in my mind. At any rate it was now that, for the first time, I saw my savage pursuers. There was a shadow on my right—only a shadow, but no longer the shadow of a tree or branch. It was a head—a long, sharp muzzle—the mouth open, the lower jaw hanging, the ears erect! It crept on. Little by little it gained on me!

The shadow became a horror to me. At last the long straight road made a curve to the right. Not a sharp curve, but enough to bring me to closer quarters with my untiring pursuer. In a moment as I pressed upon the handles and followed the sweep of the road he was upon me. In a moment the shadow had given place to the substance—with a long, panting, snarling growl a huge wolf was by my side. He was old, for I could see that his hair was gray as it showed in the moonlight. His mouth was wide open.

Two eyes that glowed like red coals gleamed from beneath the thickly matted hair that hung over his face. There was a look of exhaustion about him that, for the moment, increased the horror of his appearance. Involuntarily I swerved as he sprung, and his great jaws came together with a snap not an inch from my knee. His leap had cost him something in speed, and he fell back quite half a yard before he recovered.

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The sight of him had done me good. The horror of his look was a change from the gathering horror of his pursuing shadow, and the change aroused me. My hand went instinctively to the handle of Bob's revolver. The familiar touch seemed to reassure me. I drew it from my belt. I weighed it in my hand so as to grow accustomed to it. I dared not turn in my seat, and yet I must get a shot at the grizzled leader of the pack.

Insensibly I slackened my pace for a second or two; insensibly the huge head crept up once more to my hind wheel, to my foot, a little in front of my foot! Once more he gathered himself together for a spring. Once more his blood-hot, hungry eyes were turning toward me as he kept up his long leaping gallop. It was the moment.

Quick as thought I fired. The ball struck him—struck him, I think, on the shoulder, for with one fierce snarl, that seemed to express pain, disappointment and terror all in one, he rolled over in a heap almost against the rushing wheel of my bicycle. There was a pause in the chase. Once more I turned to the track. Once more I concentrated every energy to increase the distance between myself and my relentless pursuers. My head swam dizzily with my exertions; my brain reeled with the long and fierce excitement; my limbs grew numb and heavy under the desperate strain. Thank God! I was on the downward slope. Thank God! there was at last a prospect of escape. The descent made itself quickly felt. Exhausted as I had been, I couldn't have kept it up much longer, and I must have soon been overtaken. I looked behind me once more. The wolves were following still, but they were growing exhausted.

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I glanced at the ascent beyond the bridge; I glanced at the laboring pursuers behind me—I could do it still. I dashed at the bridge. I was across, and now the ascent began. I bent over the bicycle. I forced my weary limbs to exert themselves once more.

Slower and slower I seemed to go with each moment. The perspiration poured from my face, my legs and ankles burned as if steeped in liquid fire. I clenched my teeth and gripped the handles as if for bare life, and at each slow turn of the wheels I heard the panting of the wolves behind me.

At last I did it! At the top of the slope I turned and looked behind me. The moonlight shone white on the gray leader as he bounded on to the bridge; two others followed him closely, the rest were scattered behind them on the road. Not one had yet abandoned the chase. I drew my revolver from my belt once more. I rested the barrel for a moment on the handle of the machine. As the leader neared my end of the bridge I turned and fired. I hit him. With a sharp howl he sprang into the air and fell half across the parapet, then turned and plunged into the river below.

Exhausted as I was, I found that I could make an effort still. I could hear nothing of the wolves, but yet for aught I knew they might be following still. Imagination supplied the place of my dulled senses, and I could fancy I heard their panting behind me.

Suddenly a broad stream of light fell across the road. There was a sound of voices which sounded strangely far away; there were the figures of men, though they looked like men we see in dreams. My bicycle swept on, but I could no longer control it. Everything swam before my eyes; my limbs refused to move any longer—I felt that I was falling—falling—and I was caught in Doctor Jackson's strong arms. I was safe at last!—Scribner's Magazine.

How we Entertained the Editor

THE VISITOR WHO WAS DEAF

By Ella Higginson

NELL and I were orphans and lived with our brother Tom. Tom was an orphan, too, of course, but then male orphans are never the recipients of sympathy and motherly advice from every dear old lady in the neighborhood, so that by-and-by they really forget that they are orphans.

Tom was twenty, and he kept a stationery shop, and we lived in four small rooms in the rear of the shop. This was one of the new towns that spring up in a night on Puget Sound, and although the town itself was rough, bustling and noisy, we were very happy there, for our rooms were within a hundred yards of the opaline waters, and the shore sloped to them, green as emeralds the whole winter through.

Nell assisted Tom in the shop, and I, besides being housekeeper, contributed to several magazines, which helped wonderfully in the way of new gowns, gloves, bonnets, and all the dainty things which delighted our souls, for Nell and I liked pretty things.

We were quite the noisiest and most harum-scarum household you can imagine. As I have said, we had only four rooms. In one of these Tom slumbered the dreamy hours away nightly, and it was "the meanest, darkest, smotheriest room in the whole shebang," Tom was given to declaring each time he entered it on slumber bent. Then there was a room wherein Nell and I slept, and from whose window we could see at dawn, dear, white Mount Baker towering into the primrose sky. Then the kitchen, and lastly the parlor, which Nell called the drawing-room, and which also served as dining-room. Between the parlor and the shop was a tiny cubby-hole of a room, about six feet square and dark as a dungeon, in which Tom kept surplus stock, and in which we likewise smuggled away sundry bags from the green-grocer's, trusting to the friendly darkness to conceal them from the inquisitive eyes of our visitors.

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Our parlor was a thing, having once been seen, to be remembered. It was eleven feet wide and sixteen feet long, and in it were one stove, one organ, one sewing machine (we made our own gowns), one three-ply carpet, one big, black dog (by the name of Jeff, who was a fixture and the object of our devoted affections), one dictionary and stand, one walnut table, four chairs (more or less broken), one trunk (deceptively cretonned and cushioned up to allure unsuspecting guests into the rashness of sitting upon it), one bookcase, some pictures, and, alas! that I must chronicle it of a parlor! a bureau! "A really and truly bureau in a parlor," as a little girl said once, to the hysterical mirth of ourselves and the speechless mortification of her mother, who had brought her to call. However, the size—or lack of size—of our bed-chamber forbade the introduction of a bureau, so into the parlor it went.

One autumn evening Tom was in the shop, and Nell and I were making ourselves very comfortable in the parlor, tipped back in our rocking chairs, with cups of chocolate in our hands, and our feet on the low nickel rod that encompassed the stove. We had been sewing, and the room was in the wildest disorder. The machine was in the centre of the floor, its box was upside down, the bureau was littered with yards and yards of embroidery, spools, scissors, tapelines and buttons; there were piles on piles of muslin uncut, and dozens of muslin garments in various degrees of "cut, basted and sewed" all over the floor, chairs, organ and trunk. The confusion was really immense.

"We'll have our chocolate," Nell had said, "and then we'll have a 'cl'ar'n'-up' spell, and fix things before Tom comes in."

But suddenly we heard the shop door open, and then a gentleman's voice—the kind of voice we did not hear frequently in that rough town. It was low, quiet, courteous. In another moment he had introduced himself to Tom as "Mr. Everett, of the 'South African Review.'" I waited to hear no more. I leaped to my feet, overturning the footstool and the dog with a dreadful racket; the smile and the chocolate froze on my lips; my heart jumped into my throat, and thumped there so fast I could scarcely breathe. I shook with nervous excitement.

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I had contributed regularly for some time to the "South African Review," and my correspondence with the editor had grown very friendly, indeed, but never, never in my wildest imaginings had I foreseen such a catastrophe as this.

I cast a glance of frenzied, but speechless, appeal at Nell. She nodded, pale as a ghost. She had heard, too.

"'Cl'ar up,'" she whispered briefly, and then she began to laugh, noiselessly and hysterically. I thought this downright mean of her, but I didn't have time to remonstrate. I heard Tom tell our guest in a very loud tone—for our benefit—that he would show him in just as soon as he had finished a little matter then claiming his attention in the shop. This was to give us time, God bless him! And we improved it. The way we did set chairs to their right-abouts and jam things into those bureau drawers! Nell got hold of the muslin and struggled to get it into the trunk, but there was too much of it.

"Put it behind the trunk," I gasped, and as she obeyed, I added, "There's one consolation. He can't hear us, because he's as deaf as anything; he told me himself."

"Well, that is bliss," responded Nell, lapsing into slang in her agitation. We had barely begun to get things to rights, it seemed, however, when we heard them coming, and with hopeless glances into the mirror we sank into our chairs.

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Tom pushed aside the portière and walked in, followed by a tall and fine-looking gentleman. With a terrible "Boo-woo-woo!" in the voice of a lion, Jeff leaped from his own individual corner and made a rush at our guest, and as the latter was just in the act of taking a step, the dog, more astonished than any of us, went straight between the South African ankles and floundered against the wall. As the gentleman recovered his equilibrium and his self-possession, Tom lamely introduced him.

"Speak louder, Tom," said I, concealing the motion of my lips behind my 'kerchief. "He is awfully deaf; he told me himself."

"Is that so?" said Tom, and then he fairly shouted the introduction.

Nell came forward, looking as cool and sweet as a lily, and gave him her hand, telling him how really glad she was to welcome him.

"Oh, fudge!" said Tom, making a wry face at her over Mr. Everett's shoulder; "if he's deaf, that's all Greek to him. Speak up, my little girl."

For one dreadful moment I thought Nell was going into one of her convulsions of laughter, but she pulled herself together and presented me.

"So this is our little contributor," said he, taking my hand and looking at me with kind but amused eyes. I shouted out "Yes," but as that sounded rather flat, and hearing Tom giggle in the background, I limply subsided.

"Have a chair?" cried Nell, her voice rising to a little squeak as she proffered the best and really safest chair in the house. To our consternation, however, he showed a preference for a guileless-looking chair that was at heart one base deception.

"Great guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of exaggerated emotion, while we all stood shivering in agonized suspense. "It's the chair with the broken leg!"

Before our guest could seat himself, however, Nell had a happy inspiration.

"Do—do take off your overcoat!" she cried, and then in a rapid aside to me, "And Kate, do substitute another chair while I'm talking sweet to him! Tom, take his coat. Hurry, Kate, or you'll be too late."

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For one instant I thought a flash of uncontrollable mirth swept across Mr. Everett's face, almost as if he had heard. But a second glance assured me of my mistake, for his expression was sphinx-like.

"Now that I have his coat," put in Tom, with cold irony, while I deftly changed the chairs, "what shall I do with it? Toss it on the trunk?"

"Heavens! No!" said I sternly. "Put it out in the—in—the——"

"Cubby-hole," suggested Nell, giving us a brief, innocent glance, and then adroitly continuing her conversation with Mr. Everett.

"Sure enough," said Tom, giggling as he went out. "I'll put it on the bag of potatoes. He'll think we have a hundred-dollar hat-rack concealed in the darkness."

Tom, I may say right here, was in his element. A guest who was deaf, and two sisters who had been caught in a dreadful plight! What more could the imp ask? He took the tide at the flood, too. He came back and seated himself in the shadow so he could fire funny remarks at us without the motion of his lips being observed by Mr. Everett.

Nell behaved like an angel. She sat quite close to our guest, and carried on with him an animated conversation in a clear, high, flute-like tone which seemed to carry every word to him distinctly, as he did not hesitate once in his replies.

Suddenly my alert ear heard something dropping, or, to be more accurate, running. Nell gave me a startled, mystified glance.

"My guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of fairly diabolical mirth. "You hid your chocolate cup on the organ, didn't you? Well, Miss Brilliancy, it's upset, and it's meandering down right into his silk hat!"

We would have been more than human could we have kept our horrified eyes away from the fatal spot. I even thought poor Mr. Everett gave a startled glance toward the floor, but, of course, I must have been mistaken. The unfortunate man had deposited his hat, with sublime trust in its safety worthy a nobler object, behind him. The chocolate was really running, not into it, but so close to it that we knew it would be dreadfully spattered.

Nell was in the middle of a sentence, but she broke down flatly with, "So, that—a—" Here her eye wandered again to the hat. "So—that—a—" she repeated absently.

"So—that—a—" mimicked Tom, at which I laughed weakly and helplessly. Nell gave him—both of us, in fact—a furious glance, and returned to her charge.

All this time Mr. Everett had behaved admirably. He must have observed our hysterical nervousness, but I presume he attributed it to the dire confusion and disorder of our surroundings.

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When he finally arose to take his departure, Nell put her 'kerchief to her lips with a shameless pretense at coughing—she, who had the strongest lungs in the family—and said rapidly: "For Heaven's sake, Kate, pick up his hat and wipe the chocolate off before he sees it!" Then louder: "I'm so sorry we did not know you were coming, so we could have made your visit pleasanter."

"By jingo," said Tom, making a dash for the cubby-hole. "That reminds me I'd better be getting his coat before he investigates and finds it between the potatoes and the coal-oil can! My!" he ejaculated, sniffing exaggeratedly, as he returned with it, "it smells of coal-oil!"

"By the way," said Mr. Everett, turning to me kindly, "here's a letter for you from my brother, which I should have given you before. I shall tell him how greatly I enjoyed my call." And as he bowed himself out there dawned upon his face a slow smile of such intense and uncontrollable amusement that it made me feel as if an icy hand was clutching my heart. We all stood transfixed until we heard the door close behind him. Then—

"His brother!" exclaimed Nell, in a low, terrible tone. "Wretched girl! Who is his brother?"

"I don't know," I faltered, almost in tears, tearing open the letter.

"Ten to one," said Tom, strutting around with his thumbs in his buttonholes, "it's a proposal of marriage.

"Or a hundred-dollar check for that last story," said Nell, laughing nervously.

They came behind me and looked over my shoulder, all reading together. It was not a proposal of marriage, but it was a check—an effectual one—to our spirits.

"*My dear Miss Orne:* We have long desired to make your acquaintance, and as one of us must go to your town on business I shall let my brother have that pleasure, denying myself because I am so deaf—as I have told you—that you would find conversation with me embarrassing. My brother is so fortunate as to enjoy perfect hearing. I am sure you will like him, although I believe I have never mentioned him to you. He is associate editor of the Review. I am

"Yours very sincerely,

"HUGH A. EVERETT."

For a moment that seemed a year there was deadly silence. Then I began to sob childishly, and Nell—I regret to be compelled to tell it—Nell went into regular hysterics of mirth, and laughed and cried alternately. Nor did she entirely recover for weeks, but would go into convulsions of merriment at the mere mention of that evening. Tom neither laughed nor cried. He just sat down on the edge of the organ stool and twisted his faint presentiment of a mustache and swung his long legs to and fro, and reflected. When his thoughts had had time to travel down to the bag of potatoes and the coal-oil can, I imagine he concluded that he could reflect more clearly if alone, for he arose silently and stole into the store, nor did so much as a murmur emerge from him during the remainder of the evening. It was the first and last time in my life that I ever saw Tom squelched.

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Words of Brilliant Writers

SABBATH.—There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.—Henry Ward Beecher.

OBSTINACY.—An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is, like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty.—Bishop Butler.

WORKS.—When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—Koran.

SCIENCE.—What are the sciences but maps of universal laws; and universal laws but the channels of universal power; and universal power but the outgoings of a universal mind?—Edward Thomson.

WILL.—What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. I believe that labor judiciously and continuously applied becomes genius.—Sidney R. Washburne.

The March of Company A

WHEN BRAVE MEN WENT TO WAR

"FORWARD, MARCH!" was the Captain's word,
And the tramp of a hundred men was heard,
As they formed into line in the morning gray;
Shoulder to shoulder went Company A.

Out of the shadow into the sun,
A hundred men who moved as one;
Out of the dawning into the day,
In glittering files went Company A.

Marching along to the rendezvous,
By grassy meadows the road ran through,
By springing cornfields and orchards gay,
Forward, forward, went Company A.

And the pink and white of the apple trees,
Falling fast on the fitful breeze,
Scattered their dewy, scented spray
Straight in the face of Company A.

A breath like a sigh ran through the ranks
Treading those odorous blossom banks,
For the orchard hillsides far away,
The Northern hillsides of Company A.

Forward, march! and the dream was sped;
Out of the pine wood straight ahead
Clattered a troop of the Southern gray
Face to face with Company A.

Forth with a flash in the southern sun
A hundred sabres leaped like one,
Sudden drum-beat and bugle-play
Sounded the charge for Company A.

Halt! What is here? A slumbering child
Roused by the blast of the bugle wild,
Between the ranks of the blue and gray,
Right in the path of Company A.

Nothing knowing of North or South,
Her dimpled finger within her mouth,
Her gathered apron with blossoms gay,
She stared at the guns of Company A.

Straightway set for a sign of truce
Whitely a handkerchief fluttered loose;
In front of the steel of the Southern gray
Galloped the Captain of Company A.

To his saddle bow he swung the child,
With a kiss on the baby lips that smiled,
While the boys in blue and the boys in gray
Cheered for the Captain of Company A.

Forth from the ranks of his halted men,
While the wild hurrahs rang out again,
The Southern leader spurred his way
To meet the Captain of Company A.

Out of the arms that held her safe
He took with a smile the little waif;
A grip of the hand 'twixt blue and gray,
And back rode the Captain of Company A.

Up there in the distant cottage door,
A mother clasped her child once more,
Shuddered at sight of the smoke-cloud gray,
Shrouding the path of Company A.

A little later and all was done,
The battle was over, the victory won,
Nothing was left of the pitiless fray
That swept the ranks of Company A.

Nothing left, save the bloody stain
Darkening the orchard's rosy rain;
Dead the chief of the Southern gray,
And dead the Captain of Company A.

Fallen together the gray and blue,
Gone to the final rendezvous;
A grave to cover, a prayer to say,
And—Forward, march! went Company A.

—The Century Magazine.

Home-Coming of Colonel Hucks

HIS HAPPINESS IN GETTING BACK TO KANSAS

By Will Allen White

A GENERATION ago, a wagon covered with white canvas turned to the right on the California road, and took a northerly course toward a prairie stream that nestled just under a long, low bluff. When the white pilgrim, jolting over the rough, unbroken ground, through the tall "blue stem" grass, reached a broad bend in the stream, it stopped.

A man and a woman emerged from under the canvas, and stood for a moment facing the wild, green meadow and the distant hills. The man was young, lithe and graceful, but, despite his boyish figure, the woman felt his unconscious strength as he put his arm about her waist.

She was aglow with health; her fine, strong, intelligent eyes burned with hope, and her firm jaw was good to behold. They stood gazing at the virgin field a moment in silence. Then the man bent down and kissed her. There were tears in the woman's eyes as she looked up after the kiss and said:

"And this is the end of our wedding journey; and—and—the honeymoon—the only one we can ever have—is over."

The horses, moving uneasily in their sweaty harness, cut short the man's reply. When he returned his wife was getting the cooking utensils from under the wagon, and life—stern, troublous—had begun for them.

It was thus that young Colonel William Hucks brought his wife to Kansas.

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They were young, strong, hearty people, and they conquered the wilderness. A home sprang up in the elbow of the stream. In the fall, long rows of corn-shocks trailed what had been the meadow. In the summer the field stood horse-high with corn. From the bluff, as the years flew by, the spectator might have seen the checkerboard of the farm, well kept, smiling in the sun.

Little children frolicked in the king row, and hurried to school down the green lines of the lanes where the hedges grew. Once a slow procession, headed by a spring wagon with a little black box in it, might have been seen filing between the rows of half-grown poplar trees, and out across the brown, stubble-covered prairie, to the desolate hill and the graveyard. Then neighbors, from miles around, might have been heard coming in rattling wagons across vale and plain, laden with tin presents, after which the little home could be seen ablaze with lights, while the fiddle vies with the mirth of the rollicking party and with the wanton echoes on the bluff across the stream.

There were years when the light in the kitchen burned far into the night, while two heads bent over the table figuring to make ends meet. In these years the girlish figure became bent, and the light faded in the woman's eyes, while the lithe figure of the man was gnarled by the rigors of the struggle. There were days—not years, thank God—when lips forgot their tenderness, and, as fate tugged fiercely at the curbed bit, there were times when souls rebelled and cried out in bitterness and despair at the roughness of the path.

In this way Colonel William Hucks and his wife passed through youth into maturity, and in this way they faced toward the sunset.

He was tall, with a stoop; grizzled, brawny, perhaps uncouth in mien. She was stout, unshapely, rugged; yet her face was kind and motherly. There was a boyish twinkle left in her husband's eyes, and a quaint, quizzing, one-sided smile often stumbled across his care-furrowed face. As the years passed, Mrs. Hucks noticed that her husband's foot fell heavily when he walked and the pang she felt when she first observed his plodding step was too deep for tears.

In these latter days they would sit in the silent house, whence the children had gone out to try issue with the world, and, of evenings, talk of the old faces and places in the homes of their youth. Theirs had been a pinched and busy life.

They had never returned to visit their old Ohio homes. The Colonel's father and mother were gone. His wife's relatives were not there. Yet each felt the longing to go back. For years they had talked of the charms of the home of their childhood. Their children had been taught to believe that the place was little less than Heaven. The Kansas grass seemed short, and barren of beauty, to them, beside the picture of the luxury of Ohio's fields.

For them the Kansas streams did not ripple so merrily in the sun as the Ohio brooks that romped through the dewy pastures. The bleak Kansas plain, in winter and in fall, seemed to the Colonel and his wife to be ugly and gaunt when they remembered the brow of the hill under which their first kiss was shaded from the moon, while the world grew dim under a sleigh that bounded over the turnpike. The old people did not give voice to their musings. But in the woman's heart there was a yearning for the old scenes. It was almost a physical hunger.

After their last child, a girl, had married, and had gone down the lane toward the lights of the village, Mrs. Hucks began to watch the dollars mount toward a substantial bank account. She hoped that she and her husband might afford a holiday.

Last year Providence blessed the Hucks with plenty. It was the woman who revived the friendship of youth in her husband's cousin, who lived in the old township in Ohio. It was Mrs. Hucks who secured from that cousin an invitation to spend a few weeks in the Ohio homestead. It was Mrs. Hucks, again, who made her husband happy by putting him into a tailor's suit—the first he had bought since his wedding—for the great occasion. Colonel Hucks needed no persuasion to take the trip. Indeed, it was his wife's economy which had kept him from borrowing money with which to go on a dozen different occasions in the past.

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The day which Colonel and Mrs. William Hucks set apart for starting upon their journey was one of those perfect Kansas days in early October. The rain had washed the summer's dust from the air, clearing it, and stenciling the lights and shades very sharply. The woods along the little stream which flowed through the farm had not been greener at any time during the season. The second crop of grass on the hillside almost sheened in vividness. The yellow of the stubble in the grain fields was a glittering golden. The sky was a deep, glorious blue, and the big, downy clouds which lumbered lazily here and there in the depths of it, seemed near and palpable.

As Mrs. Hucks "did up" the breakfast dishes for the last time before leaving for the town to take the cars, she began to feel that the old house would be lonesome without her. The silence that was about to come seemed to her to have form, and it made her feel creepy. She petted the furniture as she "set it to rights," saying, mentally, that it would be a long time before the house would have her care again. To Mrs. Hucks every bit of furniture brought up its separate memory, and there was a hatchet-scarred chair in the kitchen which had come with her in the wagon from Ohio. Mrs. Hucks felt as if she could not leave that chair.

She was singing softly as she went about her simple tasks. Her husband was working in the barnyard, with the dog following him about. He was repeating, for the twentieth time, instructions to a neighbor about the care of the stock, when it occurred to him to go into the house and dress. After this was accomplished, the old couple paused outside the front door, while Colonel Hucks fumbled with the key in the lock.

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"Think of it, father," said Mrs. Hucks, as she turned to descend from the porch, "thirty years ago—and you and I have been fighting so hard out here—since you let me out of your arms to look after the horses. Think of what has come—and—gone, father, and here we are alone, after it all."

"Now, mother, I——"

But the woman broke in again with:

"Do you remember how I looked that day? Oh, William, you were so fine and handsome then! What's become of my boy—my young, sweet, strong, glorious boy?"

Mrs. Hucks' eyes were wet, and her voice broke at the end of the sentence.

"Mother," said the Colonel, as he went around the corner of the house, "just wait a minute till I see if this kitchen door is fastened."

When he came back he screwed up the corner of his mouth into a droll, one-sided smile and said, with a twinkle in his eyes, to the woman emerging from her handkerchief:

"Mother, for a woman of your age, I should say you had a mighty close call to being kissed, just then. That kitchen door was all that saved you."

"Now, pa, don't be silly," was all that Mrs. Hucks had the courage to attempt, as she climbed into the buggy.

Colonel Hucks and his wife went down the road, each loath to go and leave the homeplace without their care. Their ragged, uneven flow of talk was filled with more anxiety about the place which they were leaving than it was with the joys anticipated at their journey's end. The glories of Ohio, and the wonderful green of its hills, and the cool of its meadows, veined with purling brooks, was a picture that seemed to fade in the mental vision of this old pair when they turned the corner that hid their Kansas home from view.

Mrs. Hucks kept thinking of the bedroom, which she had left in disorder. The parlor and kitchen formed a mental picture, in the housewife's fancy, which did not leave place for speculations about the glories into which she was about to come. In the cars, Colonel Hucks found himself leaning across the aisle, bragging mildly about Kansas for the benefit of a traveling man from Cincinnati. When the Colonel and his wife spread their supper on their knees in the Kansas City Union Depot, the recollection that it was the little buff Cochin pullet which they were eating made Mrs. Hucks very homesick. The Colonel, on being reminded of this, was also in a state of meditation.

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They arrived at their destination in the night. Mrs. Hucks and the women of the homestead refreshed old acquaintances in the bedroom and in the kitchen, while the Colonel and the men sat stiffly in the parlor and called the roll of the dead and absent. In the morning, while he was waiting for his breakfast, Colonel Hucks went for a walk down in the cow-lot. It seemed to him that the creek which ran through the lot was dry and ugly.

He found a stone upon which, as a boy, he had stood and fished. He remembered it as a huge boulder, and he had told his children wonderful tales about its great size. It seemed to him that it had worn away one-half in thirty years. The moss on the river bank was faded and old, and the beauty, for which he had looked, was marred by a thousand irregularities, which he did not recall in the picture of the place that he had carried in his memory.

Colonel Hucks trudged up the bank from the stream with his hands clasped behind him, whistling "O Lord, Remember me," and trying to reconcile the things he had seen with those he expected to find. At breakfast he said nothing of his puzzle, but as Mrs. Hucks and the Colonel sat in the parlor alone during the morning, while their cousins were arranging to take the Kansas people over the neighborhood in the buggy, Mrs. Hucks said:

"Father, I've been lookin' out of the window, and I see they've had a dreadful drought here. See that grass there; it's short and dry, and the ground looks more burned and cracked than it does in Kansas."

"Ump, yes," replied the Colonel. "I had noticed that myself. Yet crops seem a pretty fair yield this year."

As the buggy in which the two families were riding rumbled over the bridge, the Colonel, who was sitting in the front seat, turned to the woman in the back seat and exclaimed:

"Look there, mother, they've got a new mill—smaller'n the old mill, too."

To which his cousin responded, "Bill Hucks, what's got into you, anyway? That's the same old mill where me and you used to steal pigeons."

The Colonel looked closer, and drawled out, "Well, I'll be switched! What makes it look so small? Ain't it smaller, mother?" he asked, as they crossed the mill race, that seemed to the Colonel to be a diminutive affair, compared with the roaring mill race in which, as a boy, he had caught minnows.

The party rode on thus for half an hour, chatting leisurely, when Mrs. Hucks, who had been keenly watching the scenery for five minutes, pinched her husband and cried enthusiastically, as the buggy was descending a little knoll:

"Here 'tis, father! This is the place!"

"What place?" asked the Colonel, who was head over heels in the tariff.

"Don't you know, William?" replied his wife, with a tremble in her voice, which the woman beside her noticed.

Every one in the buggy was listening.

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The Colonel looked about him; then, turning to the woman beside his wife on the back seat, he said:

"This is the place where I mighty nigh got tipped over trying to drive two horses to a sleigh, with the lines between my knees. Mother and me have remembered it, someway, ever since." And the old man stroked his grizzled beard, and tried to smile on the wrong side of his face, that the women might see his joke. They exchanged meaning glances when the Colonel turned away, and Mrs. Hucks was proudly happy. Even the dullness of the color on the grass, which she had remembered as a luscious green, did not sadden her for half an hour.

When the two Kansas people were alone that night, the Colonel asked:

"Don't it seem kind of dwarfed here—to what you expected it would be? Seems to me like it's all shriveled, and worn out, and old. Everything's got dust on it. The grass by the roads is dusty. The trees that used to seem so tall and black with shade are nothing like they used to be. The hills I've thought of as young mountains don't seem to be so big as our bluff back—back home in Kansas."

Kansas was "home" to them now. For thirty years the struggling couple on the prairie had kept the phrase "back home" sacred to Ohio. Each felt a thrill at the household blasphemy, and both were glad that the Colonel had said "back home," and that it meant Kansas.

"Are you sorry you came, father?" asked Mrs. Hucks, as the Colonel was about to fall into a doze.

"I don't know; are you?" he asked.

"Well, yes, I guess I am. I haven't heart for this the way it is, and I've some way lost the picture I had fixed in my mind of the way it was. I don't care for this, and yet it seems like I do, too. Oh, I wish I hadn't come, to find everything so washed out—like it is!"

And so they looked at the pictures of youth through the eyes of age. How the colors were faded. What a tragic difference there is between the light which springs from the dawn and the glow which falls at sunset.

After that first day Colonel Hucks did not restrain his bragging about Kansas. And Mrs. Hucks gave rein to her pride when she heard him. Before that day she had reserved a secret contempt for a Kansas boaster, and had ever wished that he might see what Ohio could do in the particular line which he was praising. But now, Mrs. Hucks caught herself saying to her hostess, "What small ears of corn you raise here!"

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The day after this concession, Mrs. Hucks began to be homesick. At first, she worried about the stock; the Colonel's chief care was about the dog. The fifth day's visit was their last. As they were driving to the town to take the train for Kansas, Mrs. Hucks overheard her husband discoursing something after this fashion:

"I tell you, Jim, before I'd slave my life out on an 'eighty' the way you're doin', I'd go out and take in whitewashin'. It's just like this—a man in Kansas has lower taxes, better schools, and more advantages in every way, than you've got here. And as for grasshoppers! Why, Jim West, such talk makes me tired! My boy Bill's been always born and raised in Kansas, and now he's in the Legislature, and in all his life, since he can remember, he never saw a hopper. Wouldn't know one from a sacred ibex, if he met it in the road."

While the women were sitting in the buggy at the depot waiting for the train, Mrs. Hucks found herself saying:

"And as for fruit—why, we fed apples to the hogs this fall. I sold the cherries, all but what was on one tree near the house, and I put up sixteen quarts from just two sides of that tree, and never stepped my foot off the ground to pick 'em."

When they were comfortably seated on the homeward-bound train, Mrs. Hucks said to her husband in a tone of curious inquiry:

"How do you suppose they live here in this country, anyway, father? Don't any one here seem to own any of the land joinin' them, and they'd no more think of puttin' in water-tanks and windmills around their farms than they'd think of flyin'. I just wish Mary could come out and see my new kitchen sink with the hot and cold water in it. Why, she almost fainted when I told her how to fix a drain for her dishwater and things." Then, after a sigh, she added, "But they are so unprogressive here, nowadays."

That was the music which the Colonel loved, and he took up the strain, and carried the tune for a few miles. Then it became a duet, and the two old souls were happy.

They were overjoyed at being bound for Kansas. They hungered for kindred spirits. At Peoria, in the early morning, they awakened from their chair-car naps to hear a strident female voice saying:

"Well, sir, when the rain did finally come, Mr. Morris he just didn't think there was a thing left worth cutting on the place, but lo, and behold, we got over forty bushel to the acre off that field, as it was."

The Colonel was thoroughly awake in an instant, and he nudged his wife, as the voice went on:

"Mr. Morris he was so afraid the wheat was winter-killed; all the papers said it was; and then come the late frost, which every one said had ruined it—but, law me——"

Mrs. Hucks could stand it no longer. With her husband's cane she reached the owner of the voice, and said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I'd like to know what part of Kansas you are from."

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It seemed like a meeting with a dear relative. The rest of the journey to Kansas City was a hallelujah chorus, wherein the Colonel sang a powerful and telling bass.

When he crossed the Kansas State line Colonel Hucks began, indeed, to glory in his State. He pointed out the schoolhouses that rose in every village, and he asked his fellow-passenger to note that the schoolhouse is the most important piece of architecture in every group of buildings. He told the history of every rod of ground along the route to Topeka. He dilated eloquently upon the coal mines in Osage County, and he pointed with pride to the varied resources of his State. Every prospect was pleasing to Colonel Hucks, as he rode home that beautiful October day, and his wife was more radiantly happy than she had been for many years.

As the train pulled into the little town of Willow Creek that afternoon, the Colonel craned his neck at the car window to catch the first glimpse of the big, red standpipe, and of the big stone schoolhouse on the hill. When the whistle blew for the station, the Colonel said:

"What is it that fool Riley feller says about Grigsby's Station, where we used to be so happy and so poor?"

As the Colonel and his wife passed out of the town into the quiet country, where the shadows were growing long and black, and where the gentle blue haze was hanging over the distant hills, that undulated the horizon, a silence came upon them. Each mind sped back over a lifetime to the evening when they had turned out of the main road in which they were traveling. A dog barking in the meadow behind the hedge did not startle them from their reveries. The restless cattle, wandering down the hillside toward the bars, made a natural complement to the picture which they loved.

"It is almost sunset, father," said the wife, as she put her hand lovingly upon her husband's arm.

Her touch and the voice in which she had spoken tightened some cord at his throat. The Colonel could only repeat, as he avoided her gaze:

"Yes, almost sunset, mother, almost sunset, I guess."

"It has been a long day, William, but you have been good to me. Has it been a happy day for you, father?"

The Colonel turned his head away. He was afraid to trust himself to speak. He clucked to the horses and drove down the lane. As they came into the yard, the Colonel put an arm about his wife and pressed his cheek against her face. Then he said drolly:

"Now, look at that dog—come tearin' up here like he never saw white folks before!"

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And so Colonel William Hucks brought his wife back to Kansas. Here their youth is woven into the very soil they love; here every tree around their home has its sacred history; here everything about them recalls some day of trial and of hope.

Here in the gloaming to-night stands an old man, bent and grizzled. His eyes are dimmed with tears, which he would not acknowledge for the world, and he is dreaming strange dreams, while he listens to a little, cracked voice in the kitchen, half humming and half singing:

"Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore."

And the old couple are peacefully and happily awaiting the sunset.—From The Real Issue, a book of Kansas stories by Will Allen White. Published by Way and Williams.

When My King Comes

WHEN and how shall I meet him, if ever?
What are the words he first will say?
How will the barriers now that sever
Our kindred spirits be broken away?
This self-same daylight on him is shining,
Shining somewhere the while I sing,
The only one who, my heart resigning,
Could I acknowledge my King, my King.

Whether his hair be golden or raven,
Whether his eyes be dark or blue,
I know not now; but 'twould be engraven
On that white day as my perfect hue.
Many a face I have liked for a minute,
Been chained by a voice with a pleasant ring,
But ever and aye there was something in it,
Something that could not be his, my King.

I will not dream of him handsome and strong;
My ideal love may be weak and slight.
It matters not to what class he belong,
He would be noble enough in my sight.
He may not be brilliantly gifted, my lord,
And he may be learned in everything;
But if ever he comes, he will strike the chord
Whose melody waits for the hand of its King.

But he must be courteous toward the lowly;
To the weak and sorrowful, loving, too;
He must be courageous, refined, and holy;
By nature exalted, and firm, and true.
To such I might fearlessly give the keeping
Of love that would never outgrow its spring;
There would be few tears of a woman's weeping,
If they loved such men as my King, my King.

—Lovers' Year Book (Roberts Bros.).

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The Night of the Storm

AN IRISH STORY

By William B. Yeats

A VIOLENT gust of wind made the roof shake and burst the door open, and Peter Herne got up from his place at the table and shut it again, and slipped the heavy wooden bolt. His father and mother were at the table, but his sister, Oona, unmindful of her mother's call to supper, was sitting near the door listening to the wind among the fir-trees upon the mountain slope above them. Peter Herne, made lonely by a glimpse of the dishevelled night sky through the open door, turned toward her and said in Gaelic, "It is the blackest storm that ever came out of the Heavens."

"Twelve months ago this night," answered the girl, "it was as black and as bitter, and the wind blew then, as now, along Bulber and out to sea."

Peter Herne and Simon Herne started and looked at each other, and the hand of old Margaret Herne began to tremble. A year that night Peter Herne had killed, with a blow from a boat-hook, one Michael Creed, the master of a coasting smack, who had long been the terror of the little western ports because of his violence and brutality, and the hatred of all peaceful households because of his many conquests among women.

Until this moment Oona had never referred, even indirectly, to this quarrel and the blow which had so fatal an ending.

"Mother," she went on, speaking in a low voice, "when those who have done crimes, when those who have never confessed, are dead, are they put in a place apart, or do they wander near to us?"

"Child," replied the old woman, "my mother told me that some are spitted upon the points of the rocks, and some upon the tops of the trees, but that others wander with the season in the storms over the seas and about the strands and headlands of the world. But, daughter, I bid you think of them no more, for when we think of them they draw near. It is best to keep them far away."

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"Mother," said the girl, with a rapt light in her eyes, "last night, when you had all gone to bed, I put my cloak over my nightgown and slipped out, and brought in a sod from his grave and set it on the chair beside my bed; and after I had been in bed a while, I heard it whisper and then speak quite loudly. 'Come to me, alanna,' it said; and I answered, 'How can I come?' And it said. 'Come with me when the wind blows along Bulber and over the sea.' Then I was afraid, and I put it outside on the window-sill."

The old woman went over to the little china font which hung upon a nail by the window, and wet her fingers and sprinkled the holy-water over the girl, who thanked her in a low voice. For but a moment the brooding look went out of her face.

"Put such things out of your head," said Simon Herne angrily. "Had not Peter struck a straight blow the devils had been one less, but the disgraced and shamefaced of the earth one more."

"Come to the table," cried Peter Herne, "and eat your supper like another."

The girl made no answer, but gazed upon the smoke-blacked wall as though she could see through it. With an oath the old man began his supper, and Peter Herne busied himself filling his father's noggin and his own from a jug of Spanish wine out of a recently smuggled cargo. Margaret Herne kept glancing at the girl from time to time. Meanwhile the wind roared louder and louder, and set the hams that hung from the rafters swaying to and fro. The girl was singing a fitful, exultant air in a low voice. The words were inaudible, but the air was marked and familiar.

"Be silent!" cried the old man, going over and striking her on the mouth with his open hand; "that is an evil air, and no daughter of mine shall ever sing it. O'Sullivan the Red sang it after he had listened to the singing of those who are about the fairy Cleena of Tor Cleena, and it has lured, and will lure, many a girl from her hearth and from her peace."

The girl heard and saw nothing of the things about, but sang on as if in a trance. And now some wild words of love became audible from time to time, like a torch in a dim forest, or a star amid drear clouds; and the others could not help but listen while she sang, an icy feeling beginning to creep about the room and into their hearts, as though all the warmth of the world was in that low, exulting, yet weird song.

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"It is very cold," said Peter Herne, shivering. "I will put more turf upon the fire." And going over to the stack in the corner he flung an armful upon the flickering hearth, and then stooped down to stir the embers. "The fire is going out," he said; "I cannot keep it alight. My God! the cold has numbed my feet;" and, staggering to his chair, he sat down. "One would think, if one did not know all such things to be woman's nonsense, that the sea-bar, whose coming kills the body of man, was in the storm listening to his evil song."

"The fire has gone out," said the old man.

The eyes of the girl brightened, and she sang in a loud and joyous voice.

While she had been singing an intense drowsiness had crept into the air, as though the gates of Death had moved upon their hinges. The old woman had leaned forward upon the table, for she had suddenly understood that her hour had come. The young man had fixed his eyes fiercely on the face of the girl, and the light died out of them. The old man had known nothing, except that he was very cold and sleepy, until the cold came to his heart and his head fell backward, convulsed. At the end of the song the storm began again with redoubled tumult.

Suddenly the thatch at one end of the roof rolled up, and the rushing clouds and a single star became visible for a moment and then were lost in a shapeless mass of flame which roared but gave no heat, and in the midst of the flame was the form of a man crouching on the storm. His heavy and brutal face and his part naked limbs were scarred with many wounds, and his eyes were full of white fire under his knitted brows. The rest of the roof rolled up and then fell inward with a crash, and the storm rushed fiercely through the house.

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The next day the neighbors found the dead in the ruined house, and buried them in the barony of Amharlish, and set over them a crude, gray tombstone to say that they were all killed by the great storm of October, 1765.—From the London Speaker.

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Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle.—Joe Jefferson calls attention to an interesting fact regarding Rip Van Winkle, says the Milwaukee Wisconsin. He states: "There is one incongruity in Rip Van Winkle which is seldom criticised. Possibly none of you ever noticed it. Indeed, I will confess that until recently the fact never occurred to me with any force. Well, you could never guess, so I will tell you. It is this: Rip Van Winkle is the only person in the play who speaks English with a slightly broken Dutch accent. All of the other characters are obliged to content themselves with ordinary English.

"It heightens the effect for Rip to speak as he does in broken accents, but if all the other characters were to attempt a dialect there would be such a variety of accent that the effect would be incongruous and ridiculous. All the feeling and sentiment of the play would be lost in this polyglot attempt at dialect. Several years ago a man engaged to play Nick Vedder came on at rehearsal and commenced to talk in the broadest low-Dutch accent. I stopped him at once, but in his own defense he quickly exclaimed:

"'But Nick Vedder would talk that way, wouldn't he, if Rip Van Winkle did?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'he would, but you mustn't,' and no doubt the man thought me very unreasonable. But this only illustrates the point that many things apparently illogical must be done on the stage to secure effect by inspiring the imagination. Absolute realism would be fatal. Under certain conditions it is the necessity of dramatic art to make the impossible seem real."

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Sardou's First Success.—It is a singular fact that the famous French dramatist, Sardou, owed his first success on the boards to his excellent handwriting. He had sent in his often-rejected play, *La Taverne des Etudiants*, to the Odéon management for consideration, and the manuscript was thrown with some fifty others upon a table. One day at rehearsal the charming actress, Mlle. Bèrengère, was much attracted by the handwriting and took up the manuscript, crying, "Oh, what an exquisite hand!" She read the play, and recommended it so strongly to the directors that they were induced to read it, and then accept it. At the time, Sardou—now one of the richest literary men in Europe—was nearly starving.

The Angel of Discontent

By Sam Walter Foss

WHEN the world was formed and the morning stars
Upon their paths were sent,
The loftiest-browed of the angels was made
The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with man in the caves of the hills,
Where the crested serpent stings
And the tiger tears and the she-wolf howls—
And he told of better things.

And he led man forth to the towered town,
And forth to the fields of corn;
And told of the ampler work ahead
For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees
In the blush of the misty west;
And they looked to the heights of his lifted eye—
And they hate the name of rest.

In the light of that eye doth the slave behold
A hope that is high and brave;
And the madness of war comes into his blood—
For he knows himself a slave.

The serfs of wrong by the light of that eye
March with victorious songs;
For the strength of the right comes into their hearts
When they behold their wrongs.

And 'tis by the light of that lifted eye
That Error's mists are rent;
A guide to the tablelands of Truth
Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye,
And his glance is far away
On a light that shines on the glimmering hills
Of a diviner day.

—From Dreams in Homespun (Lee and Shepard).

Before Two Altars

"WITH A LOVE THAT WAS MORE THAN LOVE"

By Will N. Harben

IN TWO PARTS: PART II

CHAPTER III

ONE day Mrs. Black found Martha looking at a suit of her husband's clothes which she kept in an old hair-covered trunk beneath her bed. She had spread the articles out on a chair and was looking at them with sad, tearless eyes.

"This won't never do, child," said Mrs. Black, going to her. "It don't do a speck o' good to go on this way, openin' yore wounds all the time. Put 'em back an' lock 'em up."

Martha complied with a deep sigh, and then sat down on the bed and covered her face with her hands.

"What ails you to-day?—you look wuss than common." Mrs. Black's tone was kind and considerate, and she looked at the forlorn posture of her child with deep, motherly sympathy in her eyes.

"Jake Wilbers has been heer fur two hours. I couldn't make 'im leave—oh, I can't bear it much longer!"

"I'll see 'im," replied Mrs. Black. "I'll ax 'im to leave you alone fur a while."

"It won't do no good; ef he'll come on atter I've begged 'im to stay away you couldn't do nothin'—he's a brute at heart!"

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There was a silence of several minutes' duration. Mrs. Black broke it by a remark designed to change the current of her daughter's thoughts. "I stopped in at Spriggses," she said; "they are expecting Joe to pass away at any minute. Thar's no curin' uv a cancer. Joe's already give up; he told me he wuz resigned."

"Does he think he's shore to die?" asked the girl quickly.

"Yes. Miz Spriggs tol' me 'fore I seed 'im that he wuz ready fur the end. The doctor 'lows he may last tell to-morrow."

Martha rose suddenly and began to arrange her hair before a mirror on the wall. "I must see 'im, mother," she said, a strange light in her eyes.

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Black, in astonishment. "Why, child, what on earth could you do thar? He's had every attention."

Martha looked at the back of the hair-brush for a moment in silence. "He wuz Dick's best friend; he thought a power o' Dick. I jest want to talk with 'im, an' I must, too, 'fore the sun sets." She went to the door and looked toward the west. "I'll go now, so as to git back agin dark."

"Yes, 'im and Dick wuz mighty thick," answered Mrs. Black. "It might look well fur you to go now that he's so near the end. I'll put on a pone o' bread fur you to eat when you git home. The walk'll do you good."

It was over a mile to the Spriggses', and Martha had to stop to rest once or twice. The cabin had two rooms and a shed at the back. A woman was cooking at the fire in one of the rooms, and slowly came to the door when she heard Martha's step on the walk. She started with surprise when she saw who it was, for she had heard much of the gossip about Dick Blumer's widow.

"Howdy do," she said, as Martha came to the door; "won't you come in?"

"I want to see yore husband, Miz Spriggs," Martha replied. "I know he's porely, but I want to talk with 'im; 'im an' my husband wuz powerful good friends."

Mrs. Spriggs hesitated, and placed her flour-covered hand on the shelf near the door. "He's mighty low," she said doubtfully. "I'm jest fixin' 'im a little broth; he can't live through another day. I'm afeerd any excitement would be bad fur 'im, an'—an' you know, he ain't seed you in so long, that——"

"But I must see 'im, Miz Spriggs—it's 'bout Dick, an' 'im an' Dick wuz mighty intimate."

"Yes, I know that; I've heerd Joe say time an' agin, ef he could walk he'd go up an' see how you wuz comin' on. He's goin' fast, though, now. My sister is in thar with 'im. I'd better go tell 'im you are heer."

In a moment she returned, leaving the door of the sick-room open. "He said tell you to come in; he's glad you come."

It was quite dark in where the dying man lay. There was but one window and it was very small. A woman seated at the side of the bed rose and offered Martha a chair, then went and leaned against the wall, and looked at the visitor curiously. Martha bent over the emaciated form on the bed. "Do you know me, Mr. Spriggs?" she asked in a low voice. He smiled. "Yes, Marthy"—his voice was almost inaudible—"I'd know you anywhar; but you've altered mightily—mighty nigh as much as I have; why, I never seed the like! You used to be rosy."

"I've had trouble," she answered.

"I know it, an' that'll git the underholt o' the best uv 'em."

"I just now heerd you wuz porely—some wuss than common," she went on.

"Yes, my time is 'bout up."

"Have you give up entirely?" she asked, in a strange, expectant tone.

"Fully. I'm ready, entirely ready; never harmed a soul that I know uv, an' been as good a follower o' the Lord as I knowed how." His voice hardly reached her, although she bent down near him. Silence, dead silence, in the house. Martha looked over her shoulder at the statue-like figure of the woman against the wall.

"What did you want to see me 'bout, anything partic'lar?" whispered the sick man, wondering at her silence.

"About Dick, but——" she threw another timid glance at the woman against the wall. Spriggs' thin face worked pitifully in his endeavor to comprehend her evident embarrassment. Presently his face brightened. "Did you want to see jest me?" he asked.

She nodded slightly.

"Go out, 'Lisbeth," he said feebly; "me an' Marthy has some talkin' uv a private natur,' to do. You'll find a cheer out thar with 'Mandy."

Rather reluctantly the woman shambled out. Martha rose, and stepping to the door she closed it softly, and then came back and seated herself on the edge of his bed.

"You expect to go to the other world?" she asked, nervously interlacing and twisting her bony fingers in her intense emotion.

"Yes," was his wondering answer. "I have unbounded faith in the promises uv the Word. We are offered another life, an' I see no reason why I can't git it. I don't complain; but I 'low I've had a sho' 'nough hard time uv it heer."

"You'll see Dick thar," she said, "an——"

He stared at her in perplexity, and waited for her to go on. She wiped her quivering mouth on the back of her hand and coughed softly. "You'll see Dick before I do, Mr. Spriggs. That's why I come over in sech a hurry; I heerd you wuz—wuz failin', an' I got to thinkin', an' so I jest had to come."

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The sick man tried to meet her eyes and started to speak, but his words dwindled away into inarticulation.

"A pusson has a good many thoughts she would like to have 'er dead husband sheer with 'er ef she has to live any time atter he's gone," she went on, "an' thar's many a thing she'd like to have his advice 'bout, ef sech a thing could be. I'v had my cross to bear, an' thar is times when I hardly know how to decide fur myself. Mr. Spriggs, I wish you would——"

"Go on, Marthy," he said kindly, "God knows you've had a hard time."

"When you meet Dick thar, Mr. Spriggs, I want you to tell 'im, as nigh as you kin, 'bout how I am fixed heer. Tell 'im that ever'body nigh is bent on me marryin' Jake Wilbers, but that I jest can't do it; an' that I am miser'ble an' prayin' night an' day to die an' go to 'im. Tell 'im I 'lowed I loved 'im all I could 'fore he died, but sence he left I've loved 'im a thousand times more."

Her voice failed her. She buried her rigid face in her apron and was silent. Tears trickled down the old man's hollow cheeks. "I'll do all in my power fur you, Marthy," he said huskily. "I believe in sech love as yorn, but I don't 'low thar's one pusson out uv ten thousand that knows anything 'bout sech feelin's."

Martha did not reply. She rose softly and turned his pillow for him and smoothed back the straggling hairs from his feverish brow.

"Yore a good gal," he said, smiling.

"Is thar a single thing I could do fur you, Mr. Spriggs?" she asked.

"Nothin', child. Yore in trouble enough."

"I'm much obleeged," she said; "good-by," and she went silently out into the night.

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CHAPTER IV

BLACK went down to his daughter's cabin one day with a slower step than usually characterized his movements. His face was grave, and about his eyes lurked a sinister look that matched well the sternness of his mouth. The gray cat, sleeping in the sun on the water-shelf at the side of the door, stretched itself lazily as he knocked.

Martha opened the door and stood aside for him to enter. She did not speak, and, without looking at him, retreated to the fire. He sat down near where she stood leaning against the mantel.

"It's a little cool to-day," he ventured awkwardly, as he rubbed his knees in the warmth of the fire, "a back-log like that is comfortable. I sent Tibbs over heer with his axe to chop you some wood; did he do it?"

"Yes, sir; an' I am much obleeged."

"I couldn't bear to see you suffer fur fire in sech weather," he said surlily, "but most fathers would make a gal chop 'er own wood that 'ud act as contrary as you've done."

She made no answer. She was looking out into the bright sunshine at the grand mountain scene which stretched up to the grayish-brown heights not far away.

"Has Jake been heer this mornin'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he tell you what I promised 'im 'bout yore becomin' his wife?"

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Her eyes flashed and her mouth became firmer. "He said you had spoke to the preacher, an' that you all wuz to come heer 'bout dark."

"That's what I told 'im. Ever'thing is fixed. Atter you've been married a month you'll thank me fur this; thar is sech a thing as grievin' tell a body loses common-sense. Jake'll make you a good husband. I'm bent on havin' my way 'bout this, so you'd as well git ready ef you don't want to stand up jest like you are now."

He was not looking at her, so he missed the wild, hunted expression that crossed her thin face. He was rather pleased than otherwise by her silence. He was glad for his own comfort that she did not burst into violent anger, sobs and tears. Jacob Black, like many another cruel man, shrank before a woman's tears. He lifted the cat to his knee and tried to stroke it gently, but it sprang away from him and retreated outside the door. Martha had left her place at the fire and gone to a corner of the room to hang up some article of clothing.

"What did you say to 'im?" he asked, turning to look over his shoulder at her.

"I told 'im I'd ruther die than marry 'im, an' that ef he tuck me he'd take me cold an' stiff, fur I'd never shame the memory uv a good man by marryin' a bad one!"

Black was quite unprepared for her reply. He pulled at his shaggy beard excitedly for a moment and fell to trembling. He rose, knocked over his chair with his heels, and started to the door. "We'll see," he growled, pausing outside, white with rage. "You be ready this evenin'. I'll not be balked—you know me well enough fur that."

When he had gone she stepped on tiptoe to the door and looked after him with dilating eyes. When he was out of sight she sank down on the bed and lay there with quivering body and clenched hands. Now and then a faint moan escaped her, and she writhed as if in great physical pain. She sat up on the side of the bed for a moment, then fell back overcome with weakness.

"Oh, Heavenly Father, he'll do what he says," she moaned. "He'll have his way; they are all agin' me!" After a while she became calmer, and rose and went to the door. The sun was going down and it had grown cooler. "Oh, God," she prayed, "I never could do it. I'm not that kind of a woman. Oh, Lord of Mercy, save me!"

She looked at the sun again. "It'll soon be down," she groaned, "an' then they'll come. I'll go up the mountain. I'll climb clean to the top, an' up thar I'll decide one way ur another. Ef I live I'll try to obey him; but ef I——" She put her hand over her lips instinctively. There was no other sound outside except the roar and gurgle of the brook and the piping of a few birds in the laurel bushes near the door. The sunlight and clouds looked like an endless ocean of gold away to the west. She put on her bonnet quickly and drew her shawl around her. Then, with one hasty look around, she left the hut and took the path which led up to the summit of the mountain.

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Now and then, as she got higher and higher up the rugged path, she would step aside on some jutting crag and look sadly at the wide view below her, and then stumble onward—upward. At last she reached the top. She sank breathless on the rock, her feet buried in a mass of heather. Mountain after mountain melted away in the distance in all directions. Toward the west lay the farthest range, and yet, so indistinct did it appear that it seemed but the drab border to the blushing sky. The sun, a great, flaming ball, was sinking into a cloud-sea of gold and amethyst. It sank lower; the scene grew grayer; the farthest mountains faded away. She shivered with cold and an uncanny, creeping dread. Then her father's threat came upon her with renewed force, and rising, with firm steps she advanced to the edge of the cliff. She looked over. Straight down for hundreds of feet her vision was unobstructed. It was so dark at the bottom that she could see nothing but the tops of the mountain pines, and a brown rock that thrust itself from the precipice.

"I'd never feel it a minute later," she muttered. "It 'ud soon be all over, an' then I could be as faithful to 'im as he wuz to me." She deliberated for another moment, then a look of sterner resolution stole into her ghastly face. "I'll leave it to my Maker," she said, and she went back to where she had sat a moment before. There she crouched for several minutes, her face in her lap, motionless, prayerful. When she looked up it had grown darker. Out beyond the cliff's edge there was nothing but yawning, empty blackness—blackness stretching away over the mountain-tops to the pallid horizon. There was no sound except the whisper of a far-away stream, the dismal hoot of an owl, the shrilling of a tree-toad! She took her handkerchief from her pocket, folded it carefully on her knee, and, with steady, icy fingers, tied it firmly across her eyes. Then she turned herself round and round till she had lost her bearings.

"I don't even know which way's home," she said simply, and she held out her hands like a child playing blind-man's-buff. "Ef it's His will, He'll lead me over the edge," she whispered; "an' ef He means fur me to submit, He'll take me down safe." Then, raising her bandaged eyes Heavenward, she whispered, in a tone of perfect trust, "Oh, Lord, my Father, I put my faith in Thee!"

•

"Whoopee! Whoopee!"

It was the voice of Jacob Black, far down in the valley—too far for her to hear. He had missed her, and dreaded the worst.

"Whoopee! Whoopee!" was his constant cry. And he was praying—praying with every reckless bound over the rugged path that led to the mountain—praying that he might reach her in time—she, his only child, that he had goaded to despair. "Martha, my baby, forgive me—oh, Lord, forgive me and save her!" he groaned.

But, in his desperate haste and in the darkness, he had missed his way, and now before him rose the towering cliff. He could not get to the top now—it was more than a mile around by the path. He looked up; he could see nothing. He tried to cry out, but his voice died in his throat. Then he threw himself prone upon the rocks, and, like a madman, dug his nails into the ground, and prayed as never mortal prayed before.

. . . . . .

Softly repeating her prayer of "Oh, Lord, my Father, I put my faith in Thee!" Martha, in utter darkness, began to grope slowly forward, perfectly resigned and yet overwhelmed with a horrible dread.

(THE END)

THE
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* * *

Society's Need of Frankness

THERE is no safety in the practical dealings in life between men and women like clear, distinct, persistent frankness, says the Outlook. The man who has nothing to conceal, and who conceals nothing, never has to make any explanations, and he secures that confidence which protects him from the suspicion that he is holding anything back which might influence the decision of the person with whom he is dealing. It is taken for granted that he has stated his whole position without reservation. We are constantly tempted to desert this high plane of action because other people do not meet us on it; but our relations with others ought not to be determined by their attitude toward us; they ought to be determined by our own individual convictions.

It ought to make no difference how we are treated by others so far as justice, frankness and courtesy are concerned. It is astonishing how the crabbed temper yields when it is treated with uniform courtesy and consideration; how the secretive spirit gives way when it is met by perfect frankness; how the impatient temper is quieted and calmed by patience and forbearance. When we carry ourselves steadily in all our relations with others we dispose at once of half the difficulties which are likely to rise, and avoid almost entirely those misunderstandings which are the beginnings of estrangement.

We are often tempted to deal with small people on the plane of their intelligence rather than on the plane of our own convictions, and every time we do this we make a blunder. Such people, treated on a high plane, are materially helped to stand on that plane. They are not slow to discern the respect that is paid them, and they must be exceptionally bad if they are not influenced by it. It is far better, as a matter of policy, if for no higher reason, to treat others steadily from a standpoint which we have taken as the result of conviction, than to continually adjust ourselves to the standpoints of others. Respect, consideration, frankness and true courtesy are rarely lost when they are infused into our social and business relations. In the exact degree in which we are governed by these qualities and express them do we make ourselves not only effective, but distinctly uplifting in our influence upon others.

* * *

A New View of Trusts

THOUGH generally condemned by people and legislators alike, the modern institution commonly known as the "trust" has found numerous defenders, says the *Minneapolis Journal*. But the most novel and original defense of the trust yet advanced is that made by Alfred Dolge, the famous manufacturer of piano parts. In an address before the twenty-ninth annual reunion of his employees he went on record as an uncompromising believer in, and defender of, the trust. He took the ground that instead of being vast aggregations of capital resulting in the practical enslavement of the employees, trusts and combines are the most democratic institutions known to mankind, "and should be hailed by all friends of progress and advanced ideas as the greatest achievement of the nineteenth century."

Mr. Dolge takes the ground that the trust has come and will still further come in the natural evolution of the factory system. In the first half of the century the factory system supplanted the old individual and hand system, and now the factories are to be combined into great trusts. The trust, as Mr. Dolge sees it, may be compared to the proclamation of peace between warring nations. It puts an end to a business warfare which "is infinitely more destructive than common warfare." It is a war in which there is no surrender or terms of peace; "only utter destruction and extinction." It is generally admitted that the competitive system, once lauded as the life of trade, has become one of the greatest curses of the modern industrial system. Mr. Dolge sees it wiped out by means of the trusts, and declares that they are not only beneficial to the capitalists who effect their formation, but to the employees and the general public. The great economies effected by the combination of many factories, which are so many repetitions of each other, enable the manufacturer to produce a better article at a lower price, and yet reap larger profits and pay his workmen more. Mr. Dolge thinks that the trust will inaugurate the industrial millennium. The factory system reduced working hours and raised pay.

The trust will still further reduce the length of the day's work and increase the rate of pay. Moreover, it means the end of adulteration and of inferior manufacture, because it removes the terrible stress of competition to which, as in love and war, all things are fair. The trust is democratic, he says, because it wipes out the power of the worthless son of a wealthy father. Such great aggregations of capital for business purposes respect no man's son. Moreover, trusts involve so many shareholders that the profits accruing from them are more widely distributed than under the simpler factory system. Finally, the power of organized labor grows as the trust system extends, and the employer must strive to please his men and get the most out of them.

Mr. Dolge's view of the trusts is a very reassuring one. If they have come to stay, if they are an unavoidable part of the process of industrial evolution, it is to be hoped that they are and will prove to be such beneficent organizations as they appear to be in the picture he so graphically paints.

* * *

The Value of Battleships

THE adoption by the Senate of the resolution asking the Committee on Naval Affairs to inquire if it is possible to build a warship, to be known as the George Washington, the most powerful in the world, within twelve months, would seem, says the Ohio State *Journal*, to indicate that the trend of Congress was still toward the construction of steel vessels, armed from prow to stern with guns of the most approved type. It also shows a determined policy to favor ships like the Maine, that may be disabled in an instant if hit in some vulnerable point. Since the blowing up of the big battleship the question has been raised whether immense cruisers weighing thousands of tons were best for modern warfare.

Vessels of this type are helpless under what in wooden ships might be considered a very slight injury. The Victoria, after her collision with the Camperdown, became simply a death-trap for the officers and crew. The Chino-Japanese naval actions do not afford a fair criterion of the defensive powers of these ships, as they were badly handled, but even in this case the great battleships sunk like stones. The battleships of every navy are very effective in offensive warfare, but if hit in a vital part they are helpless.

The question of value is one of guns rather than ships. It may be admitted that when the maritime nations were all provided with wooden sailing vessels, armed with small-calibre, muzzle-loading guns, they were as nearly on an equality as they are now, when all are provided with terrible steam fighting machines, any one of which would annihilate a navy of such ships as were used a century ago. However, it has been clearly demonstrated that wooden ships will stand up a great deal longer than the steel monsters, and afford a better chance for escape.

But a ship, of the size and effectiveness of the craft in view by the Senate, could not be built and equipped under three years, unless all previous records were eclipsed. In the meanwhile, how is the loss of the Maine to be made good? Under these circumstances it would seem sensible to spend the money a battleship would cost upon torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers, those wonderfully fast little craft of which England is now building so many, and in which our navy is still very deficient. A whole shoal of them could be built for $3,500,000, the minimum cost of a battleship, and in a much shorter time. And if there should be war it will come in much less time than would be required to replace the Maine with a vessel of a similar class. It has come to be almost an axiom that a battleship is just as dangerous in peace as it is in war.

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Newspapers in Public Schools

IN his biennial report to the Legislature, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Mississippi, urges that the newspaper be used for the teaching of history in the public schools. Without doubt, says the Outlook, the Superintendent would select the kind of newspapers chosen. Certainly the newspaper is the history of to-day, and to teach a child how he is to increase his knowledge of the affairs of the present and even of the past; to show him how to read market reports, study and compare them; to read legal affairs as told in the newspapers, so that he may gain a certain amount of knowledge of his legal rights and disabilities; and how he is to study economic relations by watching disinterestedly the conflicts and the relations of labor and capital. It seems absurd for a boy to study ancient history and probably rank high in it who does not know that a franchise has been granted in his own city worth millions of dollars, under conditions which mean that his taxes, when he gets to be a householder, will be increased rather than diminished because of the conditions governing that franchise. Nowhere in life is it so possible to create an intelligent interest about citizenship as in the school where the daily events of the community may be discussed, under intelligent guidance.

The Sunny Side of Humor

THE ESCAPE-VALVE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION

WHETHER French scientific men are coming back to the opinion of Solomon, or in ignorance of that opinion are advancing what they deem a new principle of therapeutics, we do not know. But some of them have, in a recent convention, been urging the value of humor as a curative of disease, or of mental conditions favorable to disease—that is, adopting the theory of the writer of the Book of Proverbs that "a merry heart doeth good like medicine."

Some very pertinent, even if ludicrous, instances of the efficacy of humor in the cure of physical ills were given during the discussions, though the bulk of evidence showed it to be most useful in the recovery of the mind from states most conducive to the progress of disease. And no doubt this was the thought of the writer of the proverb when he spoke of mirth doing good like medicine. Certainly he never intended to recommend humor as a substitute for creosote in a case of toothache, or a good joke as a cure for bronchial catarrh. Perhaps the most prominent characteristic of the elder Mathews was humor, yet his reply to the friend who had by mistake given him ink for medicine in his last illness—"Never mind, my boy, I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper," proved no check upon death. Yet it is an undisputed fact that laughter stimulates and invigorates the whole system, like the workings of a life-elixir, and throws off any ill feelings.

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No serious bodily ailment can be permanently cured by a mere prescription of humor. But that it is a remedy in the true meaning of the proverb—that it furnishes relief from the misery of that self-occupation which tends to disease, and gives the heart a new and brighter outlook on the world—there can be no question. Humor is the rebound from trouble and care, from the "heavy and weary weight of all this unintelligible world," and those who really feel it must, for the time at least, escape from the influence of all sober and saddening experience. One cannot think of it as flourishing in times of illness, or wickedness, or suffering, its very existence depending on a lightness of heart and of feeling which are entirely relieved from sadness and grief. Indeed, one of the essentials of real humor is emancipation from hard experience, and the relaxation of all the tenser strains of human nature. At the same time, the best humor is always the outcome of serious strain upon the deeper feelings and larger passions of the soul, the relaxation from them. It was the rebound from the tension of poverty that gave us Goldsmith's Madame Blaize, and that from the dread of insanity which led Cowper to pen John Gilpin.

On the other hand, humor reaches its highest value as medicine when it is made a remedy for our own follies and weaknesses. The theory of the French scientists is that humor in the conduct of others which serves to touch the springs of laughter may be beneficial. And no doubt it is, so long as it is not ill natured. But the writer of the proverb had, we fancy, a deeper meaning when he wrote of the efficacy of the merry heart; that was its effect in clearing one's own heart of imperfections. For to feel the humor, and to discern the ridiculousness, of one's own foibles so keenly as to be able to laugh heartily at them, is to approximate the wisdom which the Proverbs so constantly enjoin.

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And most of us have only to turn our thoughts inward to find in our own petty weaknesses, our owlish affectation of wisdom and assumption of superior virtue, abundant matter for laughter. In no way can a merry heart do greater good as medicine than in laughing itself out of its own pedantries and insincerities, and in uncovering to view the vanity from which they proceed. Such a process is not alone a remedy for foibles, but a preventive of greater evils. This is not to say, of course, that our deeper sins and moral delinquencies should be made matter for laughter, for they can only be subjects for sober and saddening reflection and for tears. But there are many times when we can enjoy a hearty and life-giving laugh at our own ludicrous mistakes.

All this may, however, seem very like preaching. "Pray, Mr. Lamb," asked Coleridge, "did you ever hear me preach?" "Faith," replied Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else." A lighter subject of inquiry would be, What constitutes true humor? The definition is a difficult one to make, distinction between the various subdivisions or shades of incongruity which we call humor being almost impossible. Broadly speaking, humor is such incongruity as gives a pleasant shock of surprise to the mind. But to draw a clear distinction between wit, travesty, burlesque, caricature, nonsense, or any other phases of the ludicrous, and call one true humor and the others not, is, we believe, out of the question. They all, as irritants of the sense of incongruity, fall into the same class. A good many acute minds find in sheer nonsense, like Mr. Lear's Nonsense Song, and a similar rhyme, the highest enjoyable humor:

"The owl and the pussy cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note."

"The owl, the eel, and the warming-pan
Went to visit the soap-fat man;
The soap-fat man was not within;
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling-pin."

The humor in such rhymes lies, of course, in their many incongruities, and the feeling of surprise produced on the mind—a necessary condition of the effect of all forms of humor. Hamlet's fancy of the dust of Alexander stopping a bunghole is pure humor, while Hook's reply when, on his return to England under suspicion of peculation in official position, a friend asked him what brought him back—"Something wrong about the chest," is pure and truest wit.

Perhaps the most apparent difference between wit and humor is that in the former the paradox is sharply intellectual, while in the latter the shock of surprise comes from the rapid change from one state of personal feeling to another hardly to be imagined in connection with it. Scott's reply to the lady who exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Scott, Macnab's not dead, is he?" "Faith, my dear, if he's not dead, they have done him great injustice, for they have buried him," is a purely intellectual paradox, and under the above distinction should be called wit. On the other hand, Lamb's exclamation of delight when an ignorant acquaintance said that Shakespeare was a very clever man—"Allow me to have a look at that gentleman's organs," at the same time dancing about him with a lighted candle, is pure humor. For the humor lies, not in any intellectual incongruity in Lamb's remark, but in his rapid transition from listlessness to intense curiosity on hearing so silly an opinion. But if his delight over such idiocy led him to disregard all conventional restraints, one wonders what would have been the effect upon him of the Yorkshireman's opinion of Plato—"Plato? Oh, that Plato! I'll tell you what I think of him. He's as big a humbug as ever lived. Why, man, Plato told us nothing new; Emerson had said it all before him."—New York Observer.

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Rest While You Rest

A WRITER in a New York paper discusses the value of rest and of work in developing and preserving a fine form. This is certainly reasonable advice: Form develops first from rest and the strength that comes of rest. A tired, weakly figure will sag and bend and want elasticity. Overworked figures settle down and lose two inches of height by the pressing together of the parts of the body. That is why women seem and are shorter after middle age. On rest depends the length and suppleness of limb, and women should know how to take advantage of chances to rest and preserve strength. Girls must be trained to take rest at proper seasons, whether they feel tired or not, and the woman must continue this exact and special care of herself as the foundation of her well-being. A day or two laying off at the right time, having her breakfast in bed and spending the day in the luxury of a wrapper and a lounge, will make the difference between a blithe, active creature the next few weeks, or one who goes about with a constant ache and fatigue.

Dr. Hosmer, the father of Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, one of the acutest of New England physicians, used to drive around the circle of his practice, in house-cleaning seasons, telling women to lie down and rest when tired, as half an hour at full length on a lounge would refresh the whole body more than three hours sitting in a chair. The periodical rest should be insisted on by every mother as long as she lives to watch over her daughter. Without it shoulders grow broad and the gait dragging. With rest the step is elastic, the form well upheld, the bust firm, the limbs retain elegance and shape. Work while you work, and rest while you rest, should be the rule for every girl and woman.

After advising the duty of rest, it will sound strange to urge the value of hard work in keeping a good form, but the two supplement each other. Hard work is not overwork, but rapid, steady work that pulls muscle into play and sends the blood and sweat flowing finely. Perhaps you will bear better what that polished physician and man of the world, Dr. Weir Mitchell, says on the subject: "I think it fortunate when women are so situated as to have to do things about the household which exact vigorous use of the upper extremities. Nothing is a better allay against nervousness or irritability in any one than outdoor exercise, or pretty violent use of the muscles." But no rest will wear one out.

Cuba as it is To-Day

WHERE SUFFERING AND GAYETY WALK SIDE BY SIDE

By Fanny B. Ward

CARNIVAL time has come again, says the writer in the Philadelphia Record, and the "Queen of the Antilles" is enjoying herself in the same old way—all but the suffering thousands in hospitals and prisons; the naked and hungry in highways and byways; mothers whose loved ones are in the field or among the slain, and the many in all grades of society and official position in whose hearts the secret love of Cuba Libre is burning with quenchless flame.

The gayety for which Havana has always been noted is accentuated now more than ever by the dark shades of the picture. The unknown hand which threw the bomb into a crowded ballroom the other night, killing a few and wounding many more, was probably that of some half-crazed "patriot," who wished to discourage frivolity in these days of tragedy. Masked balls, theatres, bull-fights and parades are the order of the hour, though with far less splendor than formerly, because the people are poorer. One of the straws which show the way of the wind is the fact that the pawnshops are packed with valuable articles, pawned by impoverished people to raise money for the season's festivities, while the line of second-hand fans, jewelry and ball gowns is unusually low. Every afternoon from my balcony I view the carnival parade, which for a week takes place between the hours of five and seven o'clock. Hundreds of carriages are in the procession, a few of them with liveried coachmen and footmen, and blooded horses glittering with gold and silver trappings; but the large majority are merely hired hacks. Nearly every horse, however, whether a high-stepping steed or some poor old Rosinante designed to end his days in next Sunday's bull-fight, has gayly colored ribbons bound about his eyes, and perked out at the ears in bows and rosettes.

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Here goes a splendid span, gorgeous in gold-plated harness, with yards upon yards of pink and yellow ribbon intertwined about their heads; the coachman in white knee-breeches, and yellow jacket, and huge boutonnière of pink roses; the ladies in the open landeau disguised (purposely not too well) in pink gauze dominoes.

Close behind jogs an old, lame, white horse, a really pitiable object, under the lash, drawing a dilapidated chaise filled with colored people. The dusky madam, in gown of yellow satin and white lace mantilla, is bedecked with flowers like a paschal lamb, while her lean husband has his hands full to keep the trio of ebony youngsters, on the front seat, from standing on their heads under the carriage wheels. The driver of this turnout—who plainly bears the earmarks of an ex-plantation hand from "Ole Virginny," despite his tall silk hat and white cotton gloves—lashes the poor lame beast incessantly to keep up its painful hobble.

Nor is he the only brute who plies the whip in this carnival of pleasure. The sound of blows is continually in the air, everywhere and at all times, in Cuba. Whip! Whip! Whip! Whether the wretched beasts go fast or slow; no matter how overworked or ready to drop from hunger and fatigue, the drivers apply resounding lashes without cessation. The scene of barbarous cruelty to animals which one is continually obliged to witness makes one's heart ache, and blights the fairest landscape.

The local ear is so accustomed to the sound of blows that it never seems to hear them; even gentle women give no heed to the spectacle of some poor beast being lashed upon a raw and bloody back, or having fallen from exhaustion under a too heavy load, being kicked and pounded by brutes in human form. There is no use in protesting against any case of cruelty. The law says that a man is absolute owner of his beast, and may kill it by prolonged torture if he desires.

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Nowadays the better class of Havanians do not join in the carnival festivities. A few of the belles and beauties are out, including all the demimonde, in décolleté toilettes of white satin, pink, pale blue, with uncovered arms and heads, and matrons in badly fitting gowns and lace mantillas, a comparatively small number wearing masks and dominoes. There are many horsemen in the procession, mostly the "young bloods" of the capital, who excel as equestrians.

The bull-fighters are out in full force and astonishing array, with the great Mazzantini, who is said to be the best toreador in the world, at their head. There are several carriage loads of them, fresh from the gory spot of the bull-ring, where every Sunday and every afternoon, during the carnival week, twelve worn-out horses and six wild bulls are butchered merely for amusement.

The picadors and toreadors—all swarthy fellows from the South of Spain—with their "back hair" tightly braided over wire into a funny little queue which turns up at the end like a pig's tail, wear the most exaggerated costumes of their kind, yellow satin and scarlet velvet, lace ruffles and many numerous jeweled decorations, the rewards of previous acts of cowardice in slaughtering defenseless animals in the ring.

Just now the procession was broken by a regiment of Spanish soldiers straggling through. They are returning from an expedition into the interior—tired, rusty, footsore and weary; with faded and bedraggled uniforms of blue denim and swords rusty with nobody knows what innocent blood. The rank and file of the Royal army are not to be blamed. They are compelled to come, and to obey orders. The conscription laws of Spain in her present extremity exempt no males between the ages of fifteen and fifty. They are treated like dogs by their superior officers, hard worked and miserably fed, beaten with whips and belabored with swords for any petty offense.

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I am told that the Spanish heart is aflame with patriotism; that boys barely out of petticoats are wild to come to Cuba, or to fight the United States for alleged interference; and that mothers, who have already lost sons on the battlefield and in the hospitals of this refractory island, are eager to give all the rest in defense of the honor of Spain. But the soldiers themselves do not look it. Undersized, undrilled and dispirited, their appearance is not calculated to strike terror to the hearts of any foe. On the contrary, many of them are really pitiable objects.

Of the forty thousand Spanish soldiers who are now in the hospitals of Cuba, more than half are there from weakness and exhaustion the result of insufficient nourishment. They have not been paid for months, and it is impossible to find food for all in this overcrowded and impoverished island. It is a common spectacle to see a beggar in the uniform of the Royal army; and often when the starving reconcentrados have received their week's supply from the bounty of the United States, it is taken from them by physically stronger but almost equally hungry soldiers. Yet soldiers keep arriving from Spain, and preparations are made to receive them with the usual fuss.

Always when a new regiment comes the houses of Havana are bedecked with flags, bands play, men embrace and kiss one another after the effusive Spanish fashion, and shouts of "Viva España!" fill the air. The newly arrived officers are wined and dined, and each private is presented with a silver dollar. Poor lads! It is the last they will see for many a day, and more of them will succumb to small-pox, yellow fever and calenture than will die on the field of battle—far more than will ever see home again.

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There is always more or less yellow fever in Havana, but at this time of year it is not considered contagious. In the Hospital de San Ambrosia, where I have gone every day for a week to visit the few wounded men of the Maine who yet remain, there are at present only five cases of yellow fever in its wards—much below the usual percentage, it is said. As to small-pox, there is to-day hardly a case of it in the city; yet—"for the protection of the United States," so says the extremely impolite doctor in charge of that branch of Uncle Sam's interest—all persons leaving for that country must be vaccinated four days in advance of departure or exhibit satisfactory marks of recent vaccination. Nobody's word for it will answer, nor the certificate of any reputable physician.

Some proper conveniences should be provided for the ladies; at least a private room to which they may retire while taking off their basques. The office is a large public room on the ground floor, with windows open to the street, clerks sitting at desks, and men constantly coming and going, the only attempt at privacy being a little screen behind which one may partially hide.

The other day I went out on the bay in a steam yacht, with a party of Cuban ladies and gentlemen, to get a near view of the wreck of the Maine. Such a melancholy heap of old iron as is our once beautiful war vessel, with a single spar standing upright, on which a ragged American flag floats at half-mast. There are yet bodies underneath it, probably fifty or more, and the swarm of black vultures, the scavenger birds of Cuba, which circle around it and perch upon every available point, offer grewsome suggestions. A diver was going down as we approached, after the two officers who are supposed to lie near the strong box, and a near-by boat bore several coffins, ready to receive any remains that might be brought up. It is inconceivable how the big, beautiful war vessel could be reduced, in the twinkling of an eye, to such a pile of rubbish.

The great catastrophy is still the talk of the hour in Havana, and has greatly intensified the bitter feeling between the races. Many declare with certainty that the Cubans did it in order to force the United States to make war upon Spain and so aid the cause of Cuba Libre, while others assert with equal positiveness that the Spaniards were responsible for the disaster, with the same end in view, because—since they cannot overcome the rebels—they wish to lose the island, with less dishonor to Spain, through being conquered by a stronger foreign Power.

That dreadful night of the explosion, when the air was filled with the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying, some lunatic on the wharf raised the cry of "Death to the Americans." There are cranks everywhere, you know, and a nation cannot be made responsible for them. But since then many Spaniards have been heard to say exultingly that now "the Yankees" have no more gun-boats than Spain. The masses are too ignorant to comprehend the resources of the United States, and it is an actual fact that the majority of Spaniards in Cuba seriously contemplate going over to whip Uncle Samuel as soon as they can find time!

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The absence of the Stars and Stripes from the grand official funeral has been remarked in many quarters. One small, inconspicuous American flag was all that appeared in the whole spectacular affair, but the red and yellow banner of Spain—the ugliest on earth—figured largely. Surely there were enough American flags in Havana, in the Consulate and in the houses of American subjects resident here, to have at least covered the coffins; and if it is true, as some believe, that our boys were the victims of Spanish hate, to decorate their coffins with the red and yellow was indeed a travesty.

On the sad evening of the funeral, a party of young Americans went to dine at a fashionable restaurant of the city. Calling for menus, what was their horror and indignation to read among other items of the bill-of-fare "*Pollos fritos* (fried chicken), à la Maine"—in facetious reference to the burned and dying seamen. It is needless to add that the Americans destroyed all the menus, and would have wiped the dirty floor with the proprietor had he not kept out of the way.

Washington's Birthday did not pass altogether unobserved by our wounded boys in the San Ambrosio, though one of their number died in the early morning. Their country-women in Cuba carried them flowers and grapes, and made them as comfortable and cheerful as possible.

Toward evening of the twenty-second of February I drove out of the Cemetario de Christoval Colon to lay a few flowers on the graves of our men in honor of Washington's Birthday. The place looks doubly bare and desolate in the midst of the splendid monuments of that beautiful cemetery—merely a great pile of freshly turned gravel, with a few half-dug pits at one side for the reception of other bodies that may die in the hospital, or be brought from the sea.

Clara Barton, President of the American Red Cross Society, has rented a beautiful house in the suburb of Havana called the Cerro (the Hill), and is now residing there with her secretary. It is an immense place with marble floors, fountain and statuary in its patio and a beautiful garden full of roses and tall palms. Not least among its beauties is a bath-house in the grounds—a sort of Grecian temple, circular in form, built up over a pool of clear, cold water, with marble steps leading down into it. They will, I believe, convert the place into a hospital or an orphan asylum for deserving reconcentrados.

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Since my visit to Jaruco Miss Barton has been there and made a surprising change in that wretched place. A house has been hired in which to store the American food, and from which it is to be regularly distributed, and above it float the Stars and Stripes. Committees have been organized among the citizens to carry on the good work systematically, and, stranger than all, an actually clean hospital has been opened—a perpetual astonishment to the people. One of the woes of this part of Cuba is the scarcity of water, so many of the wells have been purposely dried by one army or the other. There is some excuse for the general filthiness of the poor when water is not to be had within five miles, and swollen limbs, weak from hunger, cannot go so far to get it. Of course, the Cubans attribute the drying of the wells to the Spanish army, but the insurgents are responsible for as much of it. One of General Gomez's precepts is that "everything which helps the enemy must be destroyed; everything which hinders and harasses him must be accomplished."

The political prisoner Matamoras is dead. We begged the Spanish commandants at Jaruco to have the dying man moved into a more comfortable cell, and to allow friends from the outside to bring him food. But the only act of grace accorded the political prisoner—who had been arrested only on suspicion of being a rebel and had never had any pretense of a trial—was permission to leave the door of the same noisome cell, from which he was not removed, a few inches ajar. Nothing else was done to relieve his last moments; and after two years of close confinement, he died of foul air and starvation. His last words were: "Oh, Cruelty! Tell the whole world what these Spaniards are doing to my poor people."

Worth Remembering

STRIKING FACTS AND FIGURES

THE largest wrought-iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is sixty feet high, and weighs seventeen tons.

LENENHOCK AND HUMBOLDT both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

THE largest police office in the world is New Scotland Yard, in which three thousand officers can be accommodated.

THE leaf of the cocoanut tree is nearly thirty feet long. A single leaf of the parasol magnolia of Ceylon affords shade for fifteen or twenty persons.

THE timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over a billion dollars, or more than twice the value of the entire output of all the mines.

IF THE armies of Europe should march at an eight-mile gait, five abreast, fifteen inches apart, it would require nine and one-half days for them to pass a given point.

THE aynapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor the exact shape of the anchor used by ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.

THE lightest known wood is that of the anona palustris of Brazil, which is much lighter than cork. The heaviest is the iron bark, of Australia, which weighs nearly one hundred pounds to the cubic foot.

THE largest churches in Europe will contain the following numbers: Saint Peter's, Rome, 54,000; Milan cathedral, 37,000; Saint Paul's, London, 25,000; Saint Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; Saint Mark's, Venice, 7000.

THE returns of causes for insanity in England, France, Denmark and the United States, show that of every one hundred cases twenty-four are hereditary, twenty-four may be attributed to drink, twelve to business and money troubles, eleven to loss of friends, ten to sickness, and nineteen to various causes.

OF THE candidates for the British Army who fail to pass the tests, four out of five are rejected because of defective vision. The "eyesight" test consists of being able to count correctly with both eyes, as well as each eye separately, a number of small black dots exhibited on a card ten feet from the candidate.

"TO GIVE the cold shoulder" is said to have originated in a custom once common in France, and, during the Norman days, in England also. When a guest had outstayed his welcome, instead of the haunch of mutton or venison usually served at dinner, a cold shoulder of mutton was placed before him as a hint that he had better go.

THE allowance of lawyers to population in this country is rather more liberal than that of preachers. There are 89,422 men and two hundred and eight women engaged in the legal profession, and, supposing each to have an average of ten suits on hand, the litigation going on at one time in the United States would foot up 896,300 cases.

"HALCYON days" was a name anciently given to seven days before and the same number after the winter solstice, when the halcyon, induced by the beauty of the weather, laid her eggs in nests built in the rocks close by the brink of the sea. The halcyon or alcedo is in ornithology a king-fisher, a genus of the class aves, order picæ.

A FRENCH scientist argues that the earth is top-shaped, the protuberance corresponding to the point of the top being at the South Pole. He bases his belief on the discovery by Nansen of the great depth of the Arctic Ocean. It is thought that his theory would explain the different results arrived at by the various measurements of astronomers and geologists.

THE telephone's latest use is to connect a steamship, as it lies at its moorings, with the shore. The ocean greyhounds are all connected with the city's system of telephones while they are in New York harbor. The slipping of their connection with the 'phone is one of the last acts in putting out, and the connection is re-established as soon as the steamer is within reach of the system.

METALS seem to become tired when excessively used. There are various instances proving that metals, which did not show any appreciable wear, literally fell to pieces without any assigned cause. A steel rail, which had been used continuously on one of our great railways, actually disintegrated under the wheels of a coach. The breaking up was so thorough that scientists investigated, and decided that the rail had simply broken down like an overstrained animal.

THE Court of Leo XIII comprises about a thousand persons. There are twenty valets, one hundred and twenty house prelates, one hundred and seventy privy chamberlains, six chamberlains, three hundred extra honorary chamberlains, one hundred and thirty supernumerary chamberlains, thirty officers of the noble guard and sixty guardsmen, fourteen officers of the Swiss guard and police guard, seven honorary chaplains, twenty private secretaries, ten stewards and masters of the horse, and sixty doorkeepers.

With a Personal Flavor

TOLD OF CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Maurice Barrymore's Cab Ride.—Maurice Barrymore, the well-known actor, was late at rehearsal the other day. The time set was 11 A. M. When the actor finished his breakfast he found he had barely time, by fast driving, to reach Wallack's before the appointed hour. He called a passing cab, and, jumping in, he said: "Now drive fast, I'm in a hurry." The cabby whipped up and started off at a rattling pace. After driving about thirty minutes, without a stop, Mr. Barrymore thought he ought to be somewhere near the theatre. He looked out and found himself among entirely unfamiliar surroundings. "Hey, there!" he shouted to the driver, "where in thunder are you going?" "I don't know," replied that worthy. "You didn't say where I was to go, but I'm driving just as fast as the nag will go."

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Lord Beresford's Quick Wit.—Lord Charles Beresford is noted for his readiness at answering questions. His skill had a pretty good test during the recent election in York. There, when at the various meetings, the mob put him through his facings in good shape. Some one asked, "What distance is Khartoum from Soudan?" "That question," he remarked, "apparently comes from one of my countrymen. I will do as they do in Ireland and answer it by asking another, 'What distance is Dublin from Ireland?'"

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Mr. Howells' Athletic Tables.—William Dean Howells works for four hours a day. He begins at eight-thirty or nine in the morning, and works steadily until luncheon at one. Then, to use his own words, he becomes "a gentleman of leisure." The leisure consists of reading new books that are sent to him from the publishers not only of American and English books, but of French and Italian ones, as well as of translations from the Russian. A friend once called on Mr. Howells, and found him writing on two little tables that danced and bobbed from each other every few minutes. Mr. Howells explained that in attempting to keep the tables together the disadvantages of a sedentary life were overcome.

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How Mrs. Campbell Became an Actress.—An interesting story is told of how Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the well-known English actress, first went on the stage. About six years ago her husband accepted an appointment, for seven years, in a distant part of the world, and there were reasons why she could not accompany him. In his absence Mrs. Campbell suffered much from *ennui* and loneliness. Finally, in her anxiety to find occupation and change, she applied for and obtained an engagement with a touring company, which started her off on what proved to be her successful career.

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Marquis of Waterford's Detective Work.—The Marquis of Waterford once showed remarkable detective skill. A robber, who had broken into the Marquis' house at Curraghmore, Ireland, was pursued by him, and followed to a public house four miles off. There the robber had seated himself among a number of men, who were drinking and smoking, and not one of them would betray him. The Marquis, however, was master of the situation. He insisted upon feeling all their hearts, and as he was their landlord, and the great man of the county, not one dared refuse. The man whose heart was still beating much too quickly was the robber, who had just ceased running.

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Count Tolstoi's New Hobby.—Chess is Count Tolstoi's latest hobby, and it is said that the tables in his house are nearly all marked out as chessboards, and even the dogs and other pets have received the names of chess pieces—Rook, Knight, Pawn, etc.

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When Wanamaker Made Bricks.—The early days of John Wanamaker were not easy by any means, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. When only a lad of five years he made bricks, or, rather, assisted in making, for his business was to turn them in the sun until they were evenly baked. For this labor he received two cents a day, and sometimes cleared ten cents a week; but it must be remembered that there were many rainy days when the force of youthful "workmen" had to be laid off. John's first real rise to fortune was in the days when, as office boy, he saved money enough to start in business for himself. He worked as assistant in the office until he had climbed up to six dollars a week, and then, seeing that he could get no more, he bought a little stock of cheap furniture and started to be a merchant.

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Getting a Recommendation.—When J. W. Sherwood, now General Superintendent of the Clover Leaf Line, was Superintendent of the Big Four, he had to discharge a brakeman for violation of the rules. The man hung about the office, asking for a letter of recommendation. To get rid of him, Mr. Sherwood told W. A. Sullivan, his chief clerk, to write the letter. This Mr. Sullivan did. The man went out, and returned in a half-hour. "What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Sherwood. "That letter you gave me is all right, isn't it?" "Of course it is. That ought to get you a job anywhere." "Well, I wish you would read this letter of recommendation I've got, Mr. Sherwood, and give me a job."

Sherwood took the letter on which his own name was hardly dry, read it carefully, and remarked: "I am well acquainted with Sherwood, and any one he recommends must be all right. You report to the trainmaster, and tell him to put you to work."

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Thomas Hardy and the Weather.—Thomas Hardy, author of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, is very sensitive to weather influences. It is his habit always to visit the places described in his novels, and he is reported to have declared to a friend: "If it hadn't been such a dreadful day when I visited Stonehenge, it is probable that I shouldn't have decided Tess must die." And this decision was final, although Mr. Hardy, received many letters imploring him to end the tale happily.

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Dean Vaughan's Colored Guests.—Dean Vaughan had been preparing some colored clergymen for mission work and had invited them to dine with him in the Temple.

One day Mrs. Vaughan waited an hour in the drawing-room for her guests, but none came. At last she mentioned to the butler that it was odd that the invited guests did not appear.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "and odder still, I've done nothing all evening but turn Christy's Minstrels away from the door."

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The Pope's Diversions.—It may not generally be known that the Pope has a collection of birds of which he is very fond, especially of his gaudy-colored parrots, and a collection of animals—pelicans, ostriches and fawns. He has a vineyard, which is so much the object of his care that he may almost be called its cultivator. Such, with a supervision of the direction in every respect, are his diversions in the gardens, where there are many things of beauty, though it is not "gay and prim," after the fashion of English gardens, but abounding in the wild naturalness of a half-rustic park. Indeed, it is for the greater part a park, and not a garden, but it has large tracts laid out with care, for the continuance of which the Pope is largely responsible, the care of his gardens forming his chief diversion.

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Sir Henry Irving's Intensity.—Sir Henry Irving's piercing eyes and intense expression once had the effect of making a fellow-actor altogether forget that he was on the stage at all. It occurred in Manchester during a performance of "Macbeth," and in the scene where Macbeth says to one of the murderers, "There's blood upon thy face!" Irving put so much earnestness into his words that the murderer forgot his proper answer ("'Tis Banquo's, then"), and replied, in a startled voice, "Is there? Great Scot!" He fancied, as he afterward confessed, that he had broken a blood-vessel.

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Sullivan's Million Notes.—Sir Arthur Sullivan is said to have once performed a remarkable musical feat against time. He accepted the challenge that he would not strike a million notes on the piano in the space of twelve hours. Taking a compass of three octaves, ascending and descending, he struck one hundred and ten thousand notes in the first hour, one hundred and twenty-five thousand in the second, and the total million in just eight hours, and came off victorious within the allotted time.

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Working an Ambassador's Influence.—When the Hon. Andrew D. White, our United States Ambassador to Berlin, represented his country in Germany he received some queer letters from Americans asking for his influence on their behalf in Court circles. Perhaps the funniest of all was an epistle from an old lady living in the West, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to give a bazaar in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince, and Bismarck; and tell them not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed."

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The Wealth of a British Peer.—The Marquis of Bute is possibly more than any British Peer the architect of his own fortune. It is estimated that his fortune, if converted into gold, would represent a weight of at least eighty tons of bullion, and would require for its transport the utmost strength of fifty of his horses. His income may safely be estimated at $10,000 a day. Add to this sixteen titles, besides dignities innumerable, and five lordly pleasure houses, and it will be acknowledged that the Marquis ranks among the blessed of the earth.

Doing Good by Stealth

HOW RICH MEN GIVE THOUSANDS IN CHARITY

THERE is a great deal of good done in this world of which few but the parties directly concerned ever know anything about. Your out-and-out Anarchist does not believe that rich men do good with their money; he doesn't want to believe it, for if it were so it would destroy many of his pet arguments. Of course, many rich men give little away, and many others are said to grind employees down to starvation wages and at the same time give handsome sums to the poor through the newspapers, or in some public manner.

However rich men give, the poor men, or those moderately well off, are never satisfied with the rich man's charity—they could do so much better if they were he. The rich man does not give as much as he ought to, but if you were in a position to know the income of each, you would often find that the rich man gave away a far greater proportion of his wealth than the moderately well-off man of his worldly goods.

A few years ago there died in New York a man who gave thousands annually to the poor or unfortunate, or both, and who managed it in such a way that not only did no one suspect that he was the benefactor, but he did not know the nature of his own benefactions. How many men would do that? And yet there are a number of rich men who do it regularly. But to return to this particular rich man. He had connected with his family an old man, a pensioner presumably, in whom he could put complete trust. Every year there was placed to the old man's account a big sum, running into the thousands, and every working-day the old man would come to the rich man's office and, seated at a desk, would go over the morning's papers very carefully.

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Perhaps he would read that Peter Brown, a laborer, had been run over on the railroad and killed, leaving a large family at such and such a street and number. He would cut the item out and go to the house or tenement. If the family was destitute or in arrears for rent, he would find the landlord and pay the rent for three or four months, and then stock the house with provisions, going his way without any one learning who he was. Every day had its good deed of this sort, and ofttimes several. Your anarchists would say that the rich man's agent should have paid the rent for eight months instead of four, and should have stocked the house twice over instead of once, and it is more likely, if it had been known who the rich man was who was doing, through an agent, these good deeds, there would have been public protests in the newspapers very often because he did not do this thing or that instead of something else.

It was a wise arrangement, and a vast deal of good was done. Had it been generally known that the rich man was giving away large sums daily in this manner, he would have been made the victim of all sorts of schemes to secure some of his wealth dishonestly. He and his agent would have been hounded wherever they went.

The rich man, as has already been said, did not know the people whom he was helping from day to day; he did not want to know them. He was satisfied that some small part of the world's suffering was being relieved, and he knew full well that if it ever became generally known what he was doing he would have little peace. Many rich men have a genuine dread of doing any kindly act for fear of the notoriety it will give them. To many this last will sound ridiculous. It is a popular idea that rich men are tighter with their money than any one else, and to say they do not give money away for fear people may know it, will sound ridiculous to some readers.

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It is an absolute fact, nevertheless, in occasional cases, and the reasons for such feeling are readily apparent. If a rich man makes a benefaction there is a cry from those who do not know him intimately: "What ax has he got to grind? I'll bet my boots he sees his way to get the value of that money back somehow, or he never would have parted with it." "He wanted to get his name in the paper and pose as a kind man, when everybody knows he treats his workmen shamefully," etc., etc. Now, suppose there is somewhere in this broad land a rich man who wants to help his less fortunate fellow-beings. Suppose, also, that he is a sensitive man, who shrinks from having his motives misinterpreted in remarks like those just given, what is he to do? He is charitably inclined, but he does not feel like attracting public attention, for he knows there are hundreds who will find fault with him for giving as he wants to, and who will try to advise him, through the papers or by personal letters, how to give his money to what they consider the best advantage.

The only really safe thing for him to do is to give his money without any one knowing it. The money will do the poor just as much good no matter where it comes from. The starving are just as happy when they are filled, no matter from what bakery the bread is bought. So it is becoming the fashion more and more among rich men to do their giving on the quiet. It saves them bother, and it permits them to do the giving as they see fit, without interference or advice from any one.

But what happens when these men come to die and their wealth is divided up among the members of their family, or given to this institution or that? Some one immediately starts the cry: "Well, old Brown is dead. Couldn't take his money with him, so he had to leave it. How it must have galled him! He never gave away a cent of it in his life [while all the time this same Brown was disposing of thousands unknown to any one but his trusted agents], and no one but his family will be a bit sorry he's gone."

But such is the way of the world. There are, and have been for centuries, such a large proportion of rich men who have been mean all their lives long that a millionaire who is really charitably inclined has a hard time of it to do good. Even if no one pestered him or misinterpreted his motive, being usually a shrewd man of business he cannot bear the idea of falling a victim to sharpers. A Newarker, who for many years was intimately connected in a business way with a rich New Yorker, said recently that no one could have any idea what a tremendous mail that man received weekly from beggars of all sorts. If the rich man made a gift to any institution or charity he would get a waste-basketful of letters the next day from every manner of crank, advising, reproaching, threatening and flattering him. After a time he got to dread these onslaughts so that he finally had to devise some scheme for giving without any one knowing who the donor was.

Viewing the matter calmly and dispassionately, it is not the easiest thing in the world to give properly.—Newark Call.

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How Big Guns are Aimed

THE range-finder used on our seacoast defenses is not a Government secret, but is a patented appliance—an improvement upon a system that has been in use since ancient times. Three sets of apparatus are required, each somewhat different from the other; these were invented by Captain Watkins, an English engineer; Lieutenant Lewis, of our army, and Lieutenant Fisk, of our navy. These mechanisms are very complicated, and it is difficult to explain their operation so that it can be understood by laymen. All such inventions are an application of the mathematical principle that, knowing the base of a triangle and the two angles at its extremities, one can calculate the distance between them. On coast defenses the base of the triangle is permanent, with fixed objects to mark its terminus. The angles are ascertained by observations through instruments made for that purpose, and when these angles are known there is a series of printed calculations covering all possible situations, enabling the gunner to catch the distance of his target at a glance.

At sea, when a vessel is moving, the base is fixed and measured upon the deck. A telescope is placed at either end of that line, and the lenses of both are focussed upon the object to be shot at. An observation is then taken, a rapid mathematical calculation made, the book of tables referred to, and in a moment the gunner may know the exact distance of the enemy's cruiser. This, of course, requires a great deal of technical skill and mathematical ability, but it is said to be absolutely accurate, and the apparatus is so sensitive and regulated to such a fine degree that by turning a key a monster gun, weighing a hundred tons, can be instantly adjusted so that, with a given quantity of powder, it will carry a projectile of a given weight exactly the distance which the range-finder has determined it shall reach.

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Of course, the gunner must know the contents of his cartridge, because that is a material factor in his problem. He must also make allowances for the wind, for the resistance of the atmosphere, for the curvature of the earth, and for the movement of the enemy's fleet if it is in motion.

Although we have guns on our battleships, and in the fortresses on the coast, that will carry a projectile thirteen miles, it would be folly to attempt to use them at that distance, because, owing to the curvature of the earth, it would be impossible to see the target. A man in a small boat upon the surface of the water cannot see more than four miles. From the bridge of an ordinary man-of-war, which may be thirty feet from the water, a man with good eyesight or with a glass can see eight or nine miles. A man at the mast-head can see from ten to twelve miles, but very indistinctly.—Chicago Record.

Millions for National Defense

WEBSTER'S VIEWS IN A SIMILAR CRISIS

THE recent unanimous appropriation of $50,000,000 for the National defense, by both Houses of Congress, makes timely the following speech delivered by Daniel Webster, in the United States Senate, on January 14, 1836. Mr. Webster said

It is not my purpose, Mr. President, to make any remarks on the state of our affairs with France. The time for that discussion has not come, and I wait. I rise now for another purpose. This resolution [to appropriate the surplus revenues for purposes of National defense] has drawn on a debate upon the general conduct of the Senate during the last session of Congress, and especially in regard to the proposed grant of the three millions to the President on the last night of the session. My main object is to tell the story of this transaction, and to exhibit the conduct of the Senate fairly to the public view

This vote for the three millions was proposed by the House of Representatives as an amendment to the Fortification Bill; and the loss of that bill, three millions and all, is the charge which has been made upon the Senate, sounded over all the land, and now again renewed. I propose to give the full and true history of this bill, its origin, its progress, and its subsequent loss.

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The bill, sir, came from the House of Representatives to the Senate in the usual way, and was referred to the Committee on Finance Its appropriations were not large. Indeed, they appeared to the committee to be quite too small. We reported the bill to the Senate with amendments which were agreed to by the Senate. The House of Representatives disagreed to one of the amendments, and agreed to the others, with an amendment of its own, appropriating three millions of dollars, to be expended under the direction of the President, for the military and naval service. The Senate rejected this grant by a vote of twenty nine against nineteen The bill was lost in the House of Representatives

The true grounds of objection to the proposed grant of the three millions were two. the first was, that no such appropriation had been recommended by the President, or any of the Departments. And what made this ground the stronger was, that the proposed grant was defended, so far as it was defended at all, upon an alleged necessity, growing out of our foreign relations.

Now, in this case, I repeat again, the President had sent us no recommendation for any such appropriation; no Department had requested it; no estimate had contained it; in the whole history of the session, from the morning of the first day down to eight o'clock in the evening of the last day, not one syllable had been said to us, not one hint suggested, showing that the President deemed any such measure either necessary or proper. I state this strongly, sir, but I state it truly; I state the matter as it is; and I wish to draw the attention of the Senate, and of the country, strongly to this part of the case. I say again, therefore, that when this vote for the three millions was proposed to the Senate, there was nothing before us which would show that the President had recommended any such appropriation.

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Why was not this measure, which the President declares that he thought necessary and expedient, recommended to Congress? And why am I, and why are other members of Congress, whose path of duty, the Constitution says, shall be enlightened by the President's opinions and communications, to be charged with want of patriotism and want of fidelity to the country because we had refused an appropriation which the President, though it was in accordance with his views, and though he believed it important, would not, and did not, recommend to our consideration?

How, sir, were we to know that this appropriation "was in accordance with the views of the Executive"? He had not so told us, formally or informally. He had not only not recommended it to Congress, nor either House of Congress, but nobody on this floor had undertaken to speak in his behalf. No man got up to say, "The President desires this; he thinks it necessary, expedient and proper."

But, sir, if any gentleman had risen to say this, it would not have answered the requisition of the Constitution. Not at all. It is not a hint, an intimation, the suggestion of a friend, by which the Executive duty in this respect is to be fulfilled. By no means.

The President is to make a recommendation, a public recommendation, an official recommendation, a responsible recommendation; not to one House, but to both Houses; it is to be a recommendation to Congress

Here, then, sir, is abundant ground, in my judgment, for the vote of the Senate, and here I might rest it. But there is also another ground. The Constitution declares that no money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law What is meant by "appropriations"? Does this language not mean that particular sums shall be assigned by law to particular objects? How far this pointing out and fixing the particular objects shall be carried is a question that cannot be settled by any precise rule. But "specific appropriation" that is to say, the designation of every object for which money is voted, as far as such designation is practicable—has been thought to be a most important republican principle.

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Let me recall the terms of the grant They are, that "the sum of three millions of dollars be, and the same hereby is, appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be expended, in whole or in part, under the direction of the President of the United States, for the military and naval service, including fortifications and ordnance, and to increase the navy; provided such expenditure shall be rendered necessary for the defense of the country prior to the next meeting of Congress."

In the first place, it is to be observed, that whether the money shall be used at all or not, is made to depend on the discretion of the President This is sufficiently liberal. It carries confidence far enough. But if there had been no other objections, if the objects of the appropriation had been sufficiently described, so that the President, if he expended the money at all, must have expended it for purposes authorized by the Legislature, and nothing had been left to his discretion on the question whether an emergency had arisen in which the authority ought to be exercised, I might not have felt bound to reject the vote There are some precedents which might favor such a contingent provision, though the practice is dangerous, and ought not to be followed except in cases of clear necessity

But the insurmountable objection to the proposed grant was that it specified no objects. It was as general as language could make it. It embraced every expenditure that could be entitled either military or naval. It was to include "fortifications, ordnance, and increase of the navy"; but it was not confined to these. It embraced the whole general subject of military service. Under the authority of such a law, the President might repair ships, build ships, buy ships, enlist seamen, and do anything and everything else touching the naval service, without restraint or control. He might repair such fortifications as he saw fit, and neglect the rest; arm such as he saw fit, and neglect the arming of the others; or build new fortifications wherever he chose

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And yet these unlimited powers over the fortifications and the navy constitute, by no means, the most dangerous part of the proposed authority, because, under that authority his power to raise and employ land forces was equally absolute and uncontrolled He might levy troops, embody a new army, call out the militia in numbers to suit his own discretion, and employ them as he saw fit in any way.

Now, sir, does our legislation, under our Constitution, furnish any precedent for all this? We make appropriations for the army, and we understand what we are doing, because it is "the army"—that is to say, the army established by law. We make appropriations for the navy; they, too, are for "the navy," as provided for and established by law. We make appropriations for fortifications, but we say what fortifications, and we assign to each its intended amount of the whole sum. This is the usual course of Congress on such subjects, and why should it be departed from? Are we ready to say that the power of fixing the places for new fortifications, and the sum allotted to each; the power of ordering new ships to be built, and fixing the number of such new ships; the power of laying out money to raise men for the army; in short, every power, great and small, respecting the military and naval service, shall be vested in the President, without specification of object or purpose, to the entire exclusion of the exercise of all judgment on the part of Congress? For one, I am not prepared. The honorable member from Ohio, near me, has said that, if the enemy had been on our shores he would not have agreed to this vote. And I say, if the proposition were now before us, and the guns of the enemy were battering against the walls of the Capitol, I would not agree to it This vote came to us, sir, from the popular branch of the Legislature; and that such a vote should come from such a branch of the Legislature was among the circumstances which excited in me the greatest surprise and deepest concern. Certainly, sir, certainly I was not, on that account, the more inclined to concur. It was no argument with me that others seemed to be rushing, with such heedless, headlong trust, such impetuosity of confidence, into the arms of Executive power, I held back the stronger and would hold back the longer, for that very reason

It is true we might have given more money if we had had it to give. We might have emptied the Treasury, but as to the form of the gift we could not have bettered it. Rome has no better models When we give our money for any military purpose whatever, what remains to be done? If we leave it with one man to decide, not only whether the military means of the country shall be used at all, but how they shall be used and to what extent they shall be employed, what remains either for Congress or the people but to sit still and see how this dictatorial power will be exercised?

It will be said, I know, that if we had armed the President with this power of war, and supplied him with this grant of money, France would have taken this for such a proof of spirit on our part that she would have paid the indemnity without further delay. This is the old story, and the old plea. Every one who desires more power than the Constitution or the laws give him, always says that if he had more power he could do more good Power is always claimed for the good of the people; and dictators are always made, when made at all, for the good of the people

For my part, sir, I was content, and am content, to show to France that we are prepared to maintain our just rights against her, by the exertion of our power, when need be, according to the true forms of our own Constitution, that, if we make war, we will make it Constitutionally: and if we vote money, we will appropriate it constitutionally, and that we will trust all our interests both in peace and in war, to what the intelligence and strength of the country may do for them, without breaking down or endangering the fabric of free institutions.

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Comrades in Marriage

DANGER PLACES IN DOMESTIC LIFE

THIS phase of married life, the comradeship of husband and wife, says a writer in the New York Evening Post, is rarely regarded with a just estimation of its importance. One looks with deep regret at the lives which are thus robbed of great delight, and prophesies very prosaic, if not more unhappy, endings of the long partnership, when the first flush of young love's enthusiasm is superseded by a mere division of the necessary household cares and family responsibilities.

As the husband goes "forth to his labor," too commonly the last words he hears are, "Remember to get this, or attend to that," and already full of anxious thought of his day's work, his parting ideas of wife and home are solely of added care. When he returns, too often the mutual part of their conversation turns only on the vexations of trivial details of the family routine, and there ends. He has left a business partner behind him; he finds another awaiting him Naturally his mind will seek diversion elsewhere, or look for rest in the silent comparing of cigar in a solitary corner

A husband's "fads" are often most perplexing trials to a wife. What can he find to interest him in these very incomprehensible things? is a frequent query. Really these interests are of inestimable value to him It is a great blessing to any tired man to have a "hobby," and his wife should be earnestly glad of the recreation it gives his mind, or the strength it imparts to his body True, it takes great sympathy with her husband (the true application of the radical meaning of this rare quality) for her to find her interest and joy in his, when, perhaps, he spends all his leisure time for a week in preparing, as Ruskin says, to "go out and kill something." But if all these examinations of guns and cartridges, these sudden demands for his mislaid hunting-caps and hidden boots, lend zest to all these hours; if his eye kindles and his step grows active, it is well for her to stop wondering why it pleases him, and give her best energies to being very glad of this diversion to his thoughts, and share his searches, and forget her annoyance at the widespread confusion he creates in the realization of the result.

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Sometimes the "hobby" rides in quite another path; he is a fancier of costly bindings and rare editions, while the drawing room needs a new rug and the house wants paint. Nothing is insignificant if it diverts him from the state of the market, the points of his difficult brief, or the destructive routine of whatever his profession or business may be. Learn the value of the seemingly useless things that are dear to him; make yourself like them, and share his pleasure; or, if that is impossible, take your part in it by entering into his gratification as good for him and, therefore, surely good for you.

A death blow to married good fellowship comes surely to the wife who persistently antagonizes her husband's natural tastes and inclinations, and urges him to take his pleasures in her way. To argue, and insist, and to ask perseveringly for reasons, simply puts her outside of his happiest hours, and shuts against her the gate of the place where he acts spontaneously and freely as he likes. No measure can take the dimensions of the loss she has so incurred

Every common interest the wife can grasp, outside of those to which family care is a part, is a buttress against a weakening of that, too often transient, intercourse which, in honeymoon days, makes the husband delight in being always in his wife's society. It is better worth while to cultivate a knowledge of anything and everything that interests him, than it was in the beginning to wear his favorite dress and sing his pet songs. You may cling to him with every fibre of a devoted heart, and seek only his good in all you do; and yet, if you cannot see with his eyes, and hear with his ears, but foolishly try to make him happy by perpetually endeavoring to draw him away from his favorite pursuits, and accept your ideas of rest and enjoyment, your labor is in vain, and your husband will never say of you, "Thou art my rest," or, "In thee I delight."

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It seems an arbitrary rule, and one which does not work both ways, yet deeper thought discovers a strong and beautiful reason for its existence. Your feminine nature, which bears its burdens of maternity and all the multitude of duties by which we grow strong, is not mated to its facsimile; your husband is that stronger, different masculine personality without which your existence would be incomplete. You do not want to lean upon and look up to a reproduction of yourself, and your share of the perfect union is to find out and fit into your life the tastes which make him different from you.

Oh, that it were possible to exterminate nagging from domestic life! So often, with the most loving intentions, a wife alienates and irritates, even bitterly wounds, the husband she half worships by persistent remonstrances or entreaty, or by starting every day a fresh argument on the same theme. Half the time it is wholly concerning what is supposed to be either for his good or his children's; but the wife cannot give up her point All the symbolic facts in nature, the drop of water that wears away the stone, the mouse that gnaws the rope, the crevice that becomes the chasm, are weak illustrations of the fatal result of these arguments upon married comradeship and good-fellowship. "As the climbing up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man" Wise, indeed, was the old philosopher who found this quaint similitude; one sees the crumbling sand slide and fall back, and ever draw the woman of many arguments away from her goal

There is, also, a deep place of unity in the true wifely understanding of the immense importance and honorable responsibilities of her husband's business. It seems so hard to see strength give way, youth fade, and illness threaten under the bondage of a tyrannous profession or an absorbing business. To so order your living that you are sure that he is not dying that you may live luxuriously, is the only help that you can give. To inveigh against his absorption, to entreat him to let go what he has promised to perform, to fret and worry him through his few hours at home, can do no good, and sets you in the midst of the turmoil already in possession of his tired mind. This sort of thing makes men treat their wives as if they were unreasonable children, and lowers the equality of the matrimonial partnership.

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When you are watching, with an aching heart, the multiplying gray hairs and lines of care; when you see, with grief, the power of enjoyment growing weak, keep your trouble in the depth of your heart, let your demands be few, and let his home be his peace. Fight out the battles of your own realm without disturbing him with the details; struggle through your vexations in silence, but give to him a serene atmosphere, a welcoming smile, a cheerful response, a patient endurance, until, when the strain is over, you can, perhaps, find the right time to tenderly point out the dangers of the way. Doubtless an aching head, a confused memory and a dulled perception have told it all to him most vividly already. From you he wants comfort and rest, and diversion from himself The glow and fervor of a husband's all-else-forgetting devotion in early married life cannot remain, the man must labor, and added responsibility takes stern thought; but the tenderness which grows deeper, the dependence which increases as the years roll on, are better things, reserved for those wives only who have stood shoulder to shoulder all the way, not dragging him back or putting this way and that, but bravely keeping their feet in the path he has chosen.

It is to women like these that the sunset aftermath comes; to wives like these that old men turn as the path inclines downward, with a beautiful dependence. It is to couples so united that God gives those calm years which are as "clear shining after rain." At the doors of many a cottage, at the firesides of many wealthy homes, sit old couples, hand in hand, comrades to the last. The gentle "Don't you remember?" brings back memories dear to both which no one else can share; and at this last there are no longer separate tastes and desires to which they must mutually concede; but they talk softly of the swift-coming time when

"We'll sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo

The Rain Comes Sobbing to the Door

By Henry Kendall

THE night grows dark, and weird, and cold, and thick d[rops] patter on the pa[ne]
There comes a wailing from the sea; the wind is weary of the rain
The red coals click b[e]neath the flame; and see, with slow and silent feet,
The hooded shadows cross the woods to where the twilight waters beat!
Now, fanwise from the ruddy fire, a brilliance sweeps athwart the floor,
As, streaming down the lattices, the rain [co]mes sobbing to the door
A[s] streaming down the lattices,
The rain comes sobbing to the door

Dull echoes round the casement fall, and through the empty chambers go,
Like forms unsee[n] whom we can hear on tiptoe st[e]aling to and fr
But fill your glasses to the brim, and, through a mist of smiles and tears,
Our ey[es] shall tell how much we love to toast the shades of other years!
And hither they will flock again, the ghosts of things that are no mor
While, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing to the door:
While, streaming down the lattices,
The rain comes sobbing to the door.

The tempest trodden wastelands moan, the trees are thrashing at the blast,
And now they come, the pallid shapes of dreams that perished in the past,
And, when we lift the windows up a smothered whisper round us strays,
Like some lone wandering voic[e] from gray[e] that hold the wrecks of bygone days.
I tell you that I love the storm, for think we not of thoughts of yore,
When, streaming down the lattices, the ra[in] comes sobbing to the door
When, strea[m]ing down the lattices,
The rain comes sobbing to the door.

We'll drink to those we sadly miss[ed] and sing some mournful song we know,
Since they may chance to hear it all [a]nd muse on friends they've left below,
Who knows if souls in bliss can l[ea]ve the borders of their Eden home—
But that some loving one may now about the ancient threshold roam?
Oh! like an exile, he would hail a glimpse of the fam[i]liar door,
Though, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing to the door.
Though streaming down the lattices,
The rain comes sobbing to the door.—Australian Poems

Blowing Up a War-Ship

HOW SUBMARINE MINES AND TORPEDOES ARE MANAGED

IN VIEW of the widespread interest in torpedoes and submarine mines which has been awakened by the blowing up of the Maine, says the Scientific American, we have prepared the following account of these destructive and little-understood weapons.

Speculation has been rife as to the manner in which the disaster occurred, and a widespread belief undoubtedly exists that the ship was blown up by design, yet few people have any clear idea of the difficulties involved in the task of blowing up a war ship under the circumstances in which the Maine was placed. We shall not attempt to go into the history of torpedo warfare, but will merely explain the present methods of attack with high explosives.

The attack against a ship with guncotton, dynamite and similar substances, is carried out by firing them in shells from pneumatic guns, by exploding them at the head of a torpedo which is automatically propelled against the submerged hull of the ship, or by placing them in submerged mines, which are exploded mechanically on being struck by the passing ship, or are fired electrically from a station somewhere on shore.

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The automobile torpedo is a cigar shaped steel vessel, usually about twenty five feet in length, whose interior is divided into three main compartments. The first compartment at the head contains a heavy charge of guncotton, the second forms the air receiver for the storage of compressed air; and behind this is the engine room, in which are the propelling engines and the mechanism for controlling the course of the torpedo. The best known type is the Whitehead, which is in almost universal use throughout the world. It is started on its course by firing it from a launching tube by means of a charge of compressed air, or a few ounces of gunpowder. On reaching the water its propellers, which have been set in motion by its discharge, drive it at a speed of thirty knots an hour against the submerged hull of the ship, the proper depth being maintained by automatic mechanism within the torpedo. On its striking the ship, the guncotton is exploded by the impact.

Another torpedo of the automatic type is the Howell, invented by a United States naval officer of that name. It is a cigar shaped vessel not unlike the Whitehead in appearance; but its motive power is entirely different. It is driven by the momentum of a flywheel contained within the shell, and it is started, like the Whitehead, from a launching tube. The flywheel is set spinning at a high velocity by means of a suitable motor, which is disconnected before the torpedo is fired, the stored-up energy in the wheel serving to turn the double propellers and drive the torpedo at a high rate of speed toward the ship.

The Sims Edison torpedo belongs to the class of what are known as dirigible torpedoes. These are connected by electric cables with a station on shore, from which the speed and steering are controlled. The cable contains an outer and an inner conductor, the first of which conveys current for driving the motor in the torpedo, the other carrying current for exciting the magnets which control the steering gear. The cable is extremely flexible and has a total length of about two miles; it is wound on a reel which is within the torpedo and unwinds as it travels. The cigar shaped torpedo proper is rigidly suspended from a boat like float, upon which are two vertical rods which project above the water and indicate to the operator, on shore or on the ship, the position of the torpedo. The little rods carry flags by day and colored lights by night.

The Victoria is an Australian invention and is controlled from the shore or a ship, like the Sims Edison. It differs from the latter in being entirely submergible below the water, and in using air as its motive power. When it is started it hauls a cable after it, unwinding it off a reel on shore, and the first part of its course is covered at moderate speed. When the operator has guided it to within striking distance of the enemy, a current is sent through the cable which releases the reel on the torpedo and allows its cable to unwind. At the same time the current starts the air engines at full speed and the final dash for the ship is made.

The Brennan is another torpedo of the dirigible type, which acquired considerable fame from the fact that it was taken up by the British Admiralty and subjected to exhaustive experiments. Like all the machines of its class, it has proved only moderately successful, and in common with them is not regarded with much favor by naval authorities. The Whitehead is, undoubtedly, the best torpedo of the present day, and the recent struggles in Chile, Brazil and the East have served to most thoroughly demonstrate its deadly power.

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It will be evident from this brief review that torpedo operations are not so secret or easy of concealment as is popularly supposed, and there are features connected with it which make it highly probable that the sinking of the Maine in Havana harbor was not done by a mobile torpedo. The torpedo itself is a bulky affair and together with its launching gear, could never have been brought within striking distance without attracting attention. The Whitehead, if launched from a neighboring ship, would have been accompanied by a report and a splash as it left the gun and plunged into the water, which would certainly have attracted attention on board the Maine. If the Sims Edison or any other form of dirigible torpedo had been used, it is inconceivable that the necessary plant could have been in existence on shore without detection. Moreover, it would have been next to impossible to run a torpedo, with a cable trailing behind it, through the crowded waters of the harbor without its becoming entangled with the ferryboats or shipping. The lights which a dirigible torpedo must carry by night to indicate its course, would be visible from the shore and from all the shipping near it.

It may safely be said that if the Maine was destroyed by some external cause, it was not a torpedo, but some form of submarine mine that wrought the mischief.

Submarine mines are of three different kinds. 1. Observation mines, which are fired from shore when a ship is seen to be in their vicinity. 2. Electrical contact mines which, on being struck by a ship, give notice to the operator, who, by pressing a button fires the mine. 3. Automatic mines, which are self firing on being struck by a ship.

Generally speaking, the mine consists of a steel shell of comparatively light plating which is filled with a charge of high explosive, usually guncotton, and contains at its base some exploding or detonating device for setting off the mine. Of the three kinds mentioned above, the mechanical mine is less used than the other two. For purposes of firing, cables are led from the igniting charge to an observation station conveniently located on shore. The mines are built in a variety of shapes, some of them being cylindrical, with rounded ends, and others conical, with the sides somewhat bulging.

Observation mines possess considerable advantage from the comparative simplicity of their construction, and the fact that, when they are laid, they may be adapted to allow the passage of friendly vessels while barring those of a hostile Power. When they are placed on the bed of the river or harbor they are known as ground mines. In some countries this type is of the roughest and cheapest construction, consisting of a rough cast iron case with projecting legs to enable it to anchor itself securely in the mud. There is practically no limit to the size of these mines; lying deep down beneath the surface, they are entirely hidden from view, they are not liable to be laid bare with the fall of the tide, and they contain sufficient explosive to insure that any ship within a radius of fifty feet will be destroyed.

Another type is known as the buoyant mine. These are made considerably larger in order to secure sufficient displacement, and they are anchored by a cable of such a length as to insure that they will float at the required depth below the surface. They have an advantage over the ground mine in the fact that they lie nearer to the object of attack, and therefore do not require to be filled with such a heavy charge of explosive.

Observation mines may be fired by one or two observers. If by one observer the mines are laid down in rows, the lines of which converge to the observation station. All the mines in one row are connected so that they can be simultaneously fired when the ship is passing the range line. When the mines are connected with two observers, they are laid according to a system of cross observation, by which it is possible to fire any particular mine the very moment when the ship is above or in close proximity to it.

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The great advantage of the electrical contact mine is that a very small charge of guncotton suffices for the destruction of a ship as compared with that which is necessary in a buoyant or in a ground mine. These mines are provided with an automatic circuit closer, by means of which, on the mine being struck by a vessel, a current is sent to the observing station, from which the operator fires the mine. In one form of contact mechanism a vertical pendulum is hung in such a position that when the mine is struck it will swing over and close the circuit by striking a contact point. In the case of ground mines the circuit closer may be anchored to them by a cable and float above them at the proper distance beneath the surface. In the buoyant mines the circuit closer is contained within the shell of the mine itself. It will be seen that in this system the operator has perfect control of the mine and can permit a friendly vessel to pass by failing to close the firing circuit when the warning is received, while, at the same time, he may have his finger upon the button ready to sink a hostile ship the instant that the warning is automatically sent in from the mine.

It is a question whether a submarine mine of the ordinary type, with its charge of from fifty to two hundred pounds of guncotton, would be sufficient to account for the absolute destruction which appears to have been wrought in the forward half of the Maine. It is, of course, conceivable that the explosion of a buoyant or floating mine of the ordinary type, in close proximity to the ship, might have caused the greater and more destructive explosion of the magazines within the ship itself, and this theory would be consistent with the double report, the first muffled and the second louder and more terrible, which many of the eyewitnesses appear to have noticed. Outside of the various kinds of submarine mines there is one other possible device which might be answerable for the catastrophe. It is conceivable that some form of torpedo, provided with an automatic detonating device operated by clockwork, might have been placed beneath the hull of the ship, attached thereto and left to do its work. Such devices are not unknown nor considered impossible by experts in torpedo warfare and mining operations. Of course, the difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme would be enormous.

In summing up, it is evident that, if the Maine was blown up from the outside, it is extremely improbable that the work was done by an automobile or a dirigible torpedo, and the only practical device would have been some form of submarine mine. It is simply common justice, in view of the atrocious and unspeakable nature of such a crime, to point out that there are two considerations which render the submarine mine theory very doubtful. The first is that the explosion of dynamite in a body of water invariably caused the death of all the fish within a wide radius, and the second is that the great upheaval of water is followed by a big wave which travels in every direction from the scene of the accident. We are aware that it has been denied that there are any fish in the harbor of Havana, but we are assured by those who have been long resident in Havana that the harbor abounds with fish.

Either of the above phenomena would, to our thinking, provide very strong proof that the Maine was blown up from below, but, so far, we have failed to find any evidence offered by eyewitnesses that either result followed. These points will be the subject of close examination on the part of the Board of Inquiry, and will furnish strong presumptive evidence, one way or the other, apart from the condition of the wreck itself.

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Uncle Sam's War Pigeons

THE small and dainty carrier pigeon will play an important part in the affairs of this nation should it ever be plunged into another war. Upon the endurance of this bird, its speed and accuracy, will depend the victory or defeat of the great strategic movements at sea, and, what is scarcely of less importance, the people on shore must rely on the pigeon to bring news of the approach of the enemy's fleet, and the result of some great sea fight, says a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

There are at present six pigeon stations along the Atlantic coast, being situated in the principal navy-yards—Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Boston, Massachusetts, Newport, Rhode Island, Brooklyn, New York, Norfolk, Virginia; Key West, Florida, and at Mare Island, California.

The pigeon cotes are 12 x 12 feet in size, two stories high, and painted with red and white stripes to make them conspicuous from a long distance. The lower story is used for breeders only, with a large aviary attached for their use during warm weather, the upper story is fitted up with nesting boxes, drinking fountain, feeding hoppers, and the trap, where the youngsters are given their first lesson when a month old, which consists of a series of drills to accustom them to passing through the bob-wires in the trap to the cote.

These bob-wires are thick wires suspended from a horizontal bar in the top of the trap, and serve as a grating for it, and are so arranged that when a bird has once passed the bobs with a message, it cannot escape until the person in charge removes the message and lets the bird into the cote.

It is extremely important, in the training of carrier pigeons for use in the navy, that the birds should learn to enter the trap immediately upon their arrival with an important dispatch pushing the wires aside readily in order to enter the trap, the wires falling back into place immediately upon the bird's entrance. Until the bird masters this lesson it is useless as a messenger, as much valuable time would be lost.

The next series of drills are intended to develop the pigeons' staying powers in the air, to strengthen their wings, and to enable them to fly long distances without being overcome by exhaustion. This is done by means of a white flag attached to a long pole. By fluttering this among the birds they are startled into a circling flight about the cote. For two months the birds are all drilled every morning in this manner. At the end of that time they are given their first "fly." The first journey is from a point several miles from the cote in a closed basket, where the birds are liberated. This successfully accomplished, the distance is increased each flight. Whenever flown, a message, secured in an aluminum capsule, weighing only eight grains, is attached to each bird's leg, and is secured upon its arrival at the cote.

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After a course of training for two months, with an average of two flights per week up to fifty miles, they are put aboard ships in wicker baskets holding one dozen birds each, and liberated at sea at a greater distance than they had been tossed previously. It is a rule that the pigeons for use in the navy must in training, be flown constantly over water in order to accustom them to it. The cotes are so arranged that when a pigeon returns it walks on a small treadle, thereby pressing a button which rings an electric bell in the library of the receiving ships at the respective stations, thus announcing its arrival to the person in charge of the cote.

The fact that the Government has at last been induced to make use of the pigeon as a message bearer from ships at sea, is attributed to the success of the cote at Annapolis, Maryland. In these experimental flights, the best long distance toss was made by a pigeon which was released from the United States steamship Monongahela when one hundred and two miles off Cape Henry, or about two hundred and fifty miles from the home loft. The pigeon was out over night, and it had about twelve hours of daylight from the time of its liberation till its arrival at the home loft, thus making an average of about twenty miles per hour for the two hundred and fifty miles. In the swiftest flight the pigeon was liberated at Norfolk, Virginia, and arrived at the home loft three and three quarter hours later, making an average of forty miles an hour for one hundred and fifty miles.

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

A Month Without a Moon

THE month of February, 1866, was in one respect the most remarkable in the world's history. It had no full moon. January had two full moons and so had March, but February had none. Do you realize what a rare thing in Nature that was? It had not occurred since the creation of the world. And it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for—how long do you think?—2,500,000 years.

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Wellington Never Saw Napoleon

THE drawing master to Queen Victoria's children, a Mr. Corbould, has just published a volume of reminiscences, including this novel anecdote about the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon.

"On reaching the palace one morning, the Prince of Wales showed me a drawing he had just finished. Napoleon was depicted on horseback, leveling his pistol at the Duke of Wellington, who was advancing to cut down his great enemy. While I was looking at the drawing, who should come into the room but the Duke himself! 'Why, the very man who can best criticise my drawing!' cried the Prince. 'Now, can you tell me who that is on the left?' he went on, presenting the sketch to the Duke. 'Well,' replied the latter deliberately, 'judging from the waistcoat and the cocked hat, I should say it was meant for Napoleon.' 'Right,' said the Prince. 'And who is the other figure?' 'By the cut of the jib,' returned the Duke calmly, 'I should say it was myself.' 'Right again. Well, now, is the drawing accurate? That's what I want to know.' The Duke rose, put down the sketch, and thus impressively addressed the Prince of Wales: 'My boy, I'm going to tell you something that the English people don't seem to realize. I was sent out to keep Napoleon in check, but never in my life have I set eyes on him! Once, in the midst of a battle, some one cried, "Look, there's Napoleon!" but before I could get the glass to my eye the smoke from a field gun had completely enveloped him from sight.'"

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Finest Pearls in Europe

ON THE occasion of the grand dinner to the Emperor and Empress of Germany at Venice by the King and Queen of Italy, the Queen wore her wonderful pearl necklace, which has no equal in the world, says the Jewelers' Review. When she was first engaged to King Humbert, who was then Prince of Naples, he presented her with a single string of these precious stones, each as big as a hedge-sparrow's egg, and of the most perfect form and color imaginable. Margarita being the Greek for pearl, the offering had a special significance. At every birthday since, the King has presented his beloved consort with another string, each one being a little larger than the last, so that the latter ones now reach far below Her Majesty's waist. While on the subject of pearls, a few other ornaments composed of these exquisite jewels are worth mention.

The Empress Frederick of Germany has a very fine collar necklace composed of thirty enormous pearls of exquisite shape and color, and it is said she wears them both day and night, as the lustre of these almost living treasures is immeasurably enhanced by contact with the human form. Queen Victoria possesses what is supposed to be the "pinkest" of all pearl necklaces, and it is reported to have been a part of the dowry of Queen Catharine, of Arragon. The marvelous black pearl necklace of the Empress of Austria is well known, and she has worn it incessantly ever since the sad death of the Archduke Rudolph; attached to it is a curious black diamond having a quaint effect, quite unique. Lady Rchester has a very fine string of the same black pearls, which is often seen in London drawing-rooms. Of single pearls of immense size the present Pope Leo XIII is the possessor of the most famous, a superb jewel, given by one of the Doges of Venice to a former holder of the papal throne; it is arranged as a reliquary, and has a spike of the crown of thorns placed beside it in a gold case.

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The History of a Popular Play

HARRY DU SOUCHET, author of My Friend from India, is a kinsman of Mr. Bartlette, general agent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Mr. Bartlette has a number of interesting facts to tell of the man who has won fame and fortune by bravely opposing antagonistic conditions of all kinds. The history of My Friend from India, which has won such unqualified favor in all the big cities, is about the same as that of most successful literary works. For eighteen years it was buffeted about from one manager to another, receiving the same frosty treatment that Louisa Alcott's Little Women received from the publishers. "Du Souchet and I," said Mr. Bartlette, "were at one time very close together. We would write compositions as a practice, and I remember how careful he was about phraseology. Some times he would think for days until he found the exact word needed. He always said that he intended to be a successful playwright.

"In 1872 his business was in New Orleans, and during that time he often served as 'supe' at the St. Charles Theatre in order to perfect himself in the mechanical part of the drama. Afterward he took speaking parts. It was about this time he wrote My Friend from India. Finding that his business was not profitable, he studied telegraphy, in which I joined him. In a short while he became a good operator, and accepted a position in California, afterward being transferred to different towns in the Territories. During all this while he was sending his play from manager to manager.

As Alexander Dumas, the elder, besieged the theatrical managers of Paris, so Du Souchet tackled the big-wigs of New York and Boston. At last Charles Frohman perceived the merit of My Friend from India. He recognized the capital in its striking situations and strong dialogues, and made an offer of $5000. The offer was accepted and Du Souchet sold his play outright, resigning all royalty. He was glad to get a hearing.

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Time of the World's Harvests

BURMAH in the month of December.
Peru and South Africa in November.

East India and Upper Egypt in February and March.

Algeria, Central Asia, Central China, Japan, Texas, and Florida in May.

Scotland, Sweden, Norway, and Northern Russia in September and October.

Australia, Argentina, Chili, and New Zealand reap their wheat in January.

The coast territories of Egypt, Cyprus, Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, and Cuba in April.

Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, Hudson's Bay territories, Lower Canada, and Manitoba in August.

Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Southern France, California, Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Carolinas, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado, and Missouri in June.

Austria, Hungary, Danubian principalities, South Russia, South of England, Germany, Switzerland, France, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, and New England in July.

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Living Among the Dead

THE most remarkable convent in the world is to be found in the catacombs of the Russian Cathedral at Kiev. Deep down beneath the magnificent cathedral are miles of subterranean corridors lined with cells, in which fifteen hundred ascetics perform their daily devotions and duties, live, eat and sleep in the grim company of their predecessors. For a short time each day they ramble in the beautiful gardens surrounding the cathedral, only to return from this fugitive glimpse of Paradise to the dark, damp cellars, where they live their "death in life."

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Etiquette at a Japanese Dinner

WHEN the guests arrive, say for dinner, the politeness of Paradise is turned loose. With great apparent hesitation they enter, bowing low with their hands on their knees if they are men, or dropping on their knees and touching their foreheads almost to the ground if they are ladies. The first Japanese salutation corresponds exactly to the Norwegian "Tak for sidst"—"Thank you for the pleasure I had the last time I met you." This, however, is but the merest beginning of Japanese greetings. A conversation something after this style ensues: "I beg your pardon for my rudeness on the last occasion." "How can you say such a thing when it was I who failed to show you due courtesy?" "Far from it! I received a lesson in good manners from you." "How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?" "How can you be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

All this punctuated with low bows and the sound of breath drawn back rapidly between the teeth, expressive of great show of dignity. At last, amid a final chorus of arigatos, the guests come to anchor upon the floor. Various objects are handed to them, to entertain them, for it is always considered proper in Japanese etiquette to affect great interest and admiration.

Sweethearts Always

By Daniel O'Connell

IF SWEETHEARTS were sweethearts always,
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half as pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes
When the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's have a wrathful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always—
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still—
Whose voice, as of old, can charm;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill;

Who has plucked the rose to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace;

Who sees in the step a lightness;
Who finds in the form a grace;
Who reads an unaltered brightness
In the witchery of the face

Undimmed and unchanged. Ah, happy
Is he crowned with such a life!
Who drinks the wife pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts in the sweetheart the wife!

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How Napoleon III Got His Number

HOW history may be affected by a printer's error Kinglake has shown. To such a blunder is due the fact that the late Emperor of the French styled himself Napoleon III instead of Napoleon II. Just before the overturning of the existing government, the historian says, a clerk in the ministry of the interior wrote, in one of the proclamations which were to announce the fact to the world, "Let the word of order be Napoleon!!!" The printer took the notes of exclamation for numerals; and it was not because of any memory of the poor little King of Rome, but because of this typographical blunder, that the Second Empire was dominated by Napoleon III.

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America's Highest Waterfall

ON THE south side of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River is one of the highest, if not the highest, waterfalls in this country, says the Hartford Times. It is called the Silver Thread, and falls, as near as can be calculated, eighteen hundred feet. The descent is not perpendicular, but it is so near it that it is hard not to believe that the water does not fall straight down, when viewed from across the cañon. The water comes from a mountain stream which has no name. It flows in a northerly direction toward the cañon from the foothills of the Absaroka Range of mountains. Its entire route is through dense forests until it reaches the very edge of the cañon. Then it plunges downward with a roar in keeping with its size, and keeps dropping and dropping until the Yellowstone River is reached, eighteen hundred feet below.

The cañon walls at that particular place are very rugged, and this little stream has worn almost a straight channel down the rocks. The water dashes downward at a very straight angle, practically turning neither to the right nor to the left. In several places a rock, not as yet worn away, breaks the steady fall of water, forming a slight cascade. These cascades do not cause a real break in the descent of the water, so practically the Falls of the Silver Thread are the highest in the world.

The name given these falls is very appropriate. They cannot be seen but from the brink of the south side of the cañon, which is almost a mile wide there. Although this waterfall is fifteen feet wide from top to bottom, it does not appear to be more than a couple of inches wide from the point of observation. The walls of the cañon where these falls occur are below the vivid colorations, and are a dark brown. The water looks like a silver thread or ribbon stretched from the brink of the cañon to the water below; hence the name, Silver Thread.

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Sleeping with the Head to the North

THERE is no doubt that the belief that human beings should sleep with their bodies lying north and south has its foundation in true scientific facts. Each human system has magnetic poles—one positive and one negative. Now, it is true that some persons have the positive pole in the head, and the negative pole in the feet, and *vice versa*.

In order that the person sleeping should be in perfect harmony with the magnetic phenomena of the earth, the head, if it possess the positive pole, should lie to the south, or, if the feet possess the positive pole, the head should lie to the north. The positive pole should always lie opposite to the magnetic centre of the continent, and thus maintain a magnetic equilibrium.

The positive pole of the person draws one way, but the magnetic pole of the earth draws the other way, and forces the blood toward the feet, affects the iron in the system, tones up the nerves, and makes sleep refreshing and invigorating.

But if the person sleeps the wrong way and fails to become magnetically *en rapport* with the earth, he will probably be too magnetic, and he will have a fever resulting from the magnetic forces working too fast; or he will not be magnetic enough, and the great strain will cause a feeling of lassitude, and sleep will not be refreshing.

Some persons may scoff at these ideas, but the greatest scientific men of the world have studied the subject. Only recently the French Academy of Sciences made experiments, upon the body of a guillotined man, which go to prove that each human system is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head, the other by the feet. The body was taken immediately after death and placed upon a pivot, to move as it might. After some vacillation the head portion turned toward the north, the body then remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it half-way round, but it soon regained its original position, and the same result was repeatedly obtained until organic movements had entirely ceased.

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Things the Queen Cannot Do

THERE are some very curious restrictions on the Royal prerogative in England. The Queen cannot, for instance, says the Boston Globe, communicate with her subjects as can the most menial of her servants; nor can she receive presents from her people save through officers of State or friends personally known to Her Majesty.

The Queen could sell or give away the Royal navy, or declare war with Russia; but she could not spend a single farthing of public money without the consent of Parliament. She could not increase the wages of one of her footmen unless she did so out of her private funds, or without exceeding the allowance made to her by Parliament. A curious curtailment of the Royal prerogative is effected by an act of Parliament passed in the reign of George III. This act deals with Sabbath-breaking, and in it it is distinctly stated that the Monarch cannot pardon offenders who have been convicted of a certain form of Sabbath-breaking. Though no act of Parliament is complete until it has been signed by the Queen, Her Majesty is subject to the laws that she signs, and cannot issue a proclamation contrary to law. If it were the law of England that no train should travel faster than fifty miles an hour, the Queen could not issue a proclamation exempting any train from the operation of the law.

Though the Queen could recall any subject from abroad, she cannot compel a subject to leave England. This disability does not cease to operate even in time of war. The Queen is the only person who cannot arrest a suspected felon. No action can be taken against her for breaking the law, and, therefore, she is precluded from making an arrest, as, supposing the suspected prisoner were innocent, no action for false imprisonment could be taken against Her Majesty. The Queen's power in disposing of territory in time of peace has been disputed. In a time of war Her Majesty could hand over London to France to bring the war to an end.

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Ten Centuries of Sweetness

THE oldest rose-bush in the world is found at Hildesheim, a small city of Hanover, where it emerges from the subsoil of the Church of the Cemetery. It covers the church for a width and height of forty feet. The age of this tree is interesting both to botanists and gardeners. According to tradition, the Hildesheim rose-bush was planted by Charlemagne in 833, and the church having been burned down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil. It is mentioned in a poem written in 1690, and also in the work of a Jesuit who died in the year 1673.

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In a Paradise for Cats

FROM time immemorial the stray cats of Florence, Italy, have been well looked after. The cloister of San Lorenzo is sacred to poor Puss. It is overlooked by the windows of the famous Laurentian Library, built by Michael Angelo for Pope Clement VII. All sorts of stray cats are taken thither, and at noon every day scraps of meat, etc., are emptied in the dry moat round the grass.

Toward feeding-time one may see cats of all kinds and degrees—black, tortoise-shell, tawny and white, male and female, young and old—basking peacefully in the sun. When the food is brought, from every direction cats crowd in, hissing at one another. When they have fed, human snappers-up of unconsidered trifles come around to secure the pieces of paper, bones, and other scraps. When a lost cat is found in the city it is taken to San Lorenzo as naturally as every Florentine baby is taken to the Baptistry of St. John to be christened. Moreover, when people wish to get rid of their cats, they do not poison them or leave them to starve in empty houses, but send them to the hospitable cloister. No visitor to Florence should fail to visit this delightful cats' home.

My Trip with Eskimo Dogs

PAYING A VISIT IN THE FROZEN NORTH

By the Rt. Rev. Jervois A. Newnham

ONE does not generally expect hardship on a seaside trip, yet I expected some. I was to go some fifteen miles down a great river to the bay, then two or three days along the bay, and then ten miles up another big river, and to return the next week the same way I had gone.

This I have done, traveling for two days each way over the salt water, and yet neither seeing nor smelling it, and traveling over the water by a train! I traveled by train, yet not on wheels, a train which made its own track and did not use fuel or water, and only went at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and only from about 5 A. M. to 2 or 3 P. M. each day. The rest of the time we spent in camp. For those three days and nights we were in the open air, and at what a temperature! Always far below zero, forty-five or fifty degrees of frost by day, and as much as sixty or sixty-two at night! A strange seaside trip, surely!

The "train" was a dog-train, composed of a sled drawn by eleven Eskimo dogs and driven by an "Injun," and we traveled over ice three feet thick, with two feet of snow on top, which entirely hid the salt water; we could only travel by daylight, and had to stop at certain fixed places, where we could find wood for the camp-fires. We slept on the ground, or rather snow, in our cotton tent, or in the wigwams or tents of poles and bark erected at regular stopping places.

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My home is at Moose Fort, and I wished to visit our mission at Rupert House, confer with the missionary there, and see the residents. On the twenty-sixth of February, 1897, the dogs from Rupert House arrived here and brought me an invitation to return with them, which I gladly accepted and made my preparations. These consisted in getting suitable food cooked for three or four days, gathering a bundle of blankets and rabbit-skin rugs to wrap around me in the sled and sleep on at night, packing a small box with clothes, etc., for use at Rupert House, and looking out my deerskin coat and snowshoes.

The food needs to be very simple and ready cooked; for we do not stop during the day to cook, and at night we have to thaw our food, and again in the morning. I took a loaf and some scones, the latter mostly to carry in my pocket and eat at midday; some partridges ready cooked, a little cooked beef and bacon, and a packet of soup-powder; also tea and sugar, salt and butter, some frozen cream, frying-pan, kettle, cup, plate, etc. Monday, the twenty-second of March, I was up soon after four o'clock, only to find a snowstorm raging, so that I could lie down to await developments. At seven o'clock the storm was so heavy that we abandoned the idea of starting that day. The snow fell all day, the worst storm of the season; so we knew we were in for a hard trip.

Tuesday I was up at 5:30, and, after a hasty breakfast, donned my "Husky" coat of deerskin, with the hair on, and started for the dogs. It was a fine morning, but promised to be very cold all day, and the wind right in our teeth. Well, here we are down on the ice, and the dogs all harnessed and impatient to start. The sled consisted of a narrow box four feet long, the front half being covered or boxed in, mounted on a floor eight feet long resting on runners. In this box the passenger sits, wrapped in rabbit-skins so that he can hardly move, his head and shoulders only projecting. In front, and behind, and on top of the box is placed all the luggage, covered with canvas and securely lashed to withstand all the jolting and possible upsets, and our snowshoes are put within easy reach.

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An important item is the dog-whip, terrible to the dogs if used by a skillful hand, and terrible to the user if he be a novice, for he is sure to half-strangle himself or to hurt his own face with the business end of the lash. The whip I measured had a handle nine inches long and lash thirty feet, and weighed four pounds. The lash was of folded and plaited seal-hide, and for five feet from the handle measured five inches round, then for fourteen feet it gradually tapered off, ending in a single thong half an inch thick and eleven feet long. Wonderful is the dexterity with which a driver can pick out a dog, and almost a spot on a dog, with this lash. The lash must be trailing at full length behind, when a jerk and turn of the wrist causes it to fly forward, the thick part first, and the tapering end continuing the motion till it is at full length in front, and the lash making the fur fly from the victim. But often it is made to crack like a pistol over the heads of the dogs as a warning.

The eleven dogs were harnessed to the front of the sled, each by a separate thong of seal-hide, all of different lengths, fastened to a light canvas harness. The nearest dog was about fifteen feet from the sled, the leader, with bells on her, about fifty feet, the thongs thus increasing in length by about three feet. When the going is good the dogs spread out like the fingers of a hand, but when the snow is deep they fall into each other's tracks in almost single file. As they continually cross and recross each other, the thongs get gradually plaited almost up to the rearmost dog, when a halt is called, the dogs are made to lie down, and the driver carefully disentangles them, taking care that no dog gets away meanwhile.

They are guided by the voice, using "Husky," *i. e.*, Eskimo words: "*Ouk*," go to the right, "*Arrah*," to the left, and "*Hoit*," straight on. But often one of the men must run ahead on snowshoes for the dogs to follow him. I have often seen the dogs start at a gallop of six miles an hour; but the snow is deep and we go at a slow trot, the men running and helping the dogs. Gradually we get along and Moose Fort is left behind as we go down the river.

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At eleven o'clock we halt ten minutes for refreshments. We are in no anxiety lest the train will start before our coffee has cooled enough for us to drink it; our hurry is lest it and the sandwich should freeze before we consume them. An open-air lunch sounds very charming, but there are decided drawbacks. Standing or sitting with fifty degrees of frost, the mustache and beard heavily laden with icicles, so that it is difficult to open the mouth without bringing tears to the eyes by reason of the hairs pulled out, the fingers freezing if they are kept out of the mittens for a few minutes for eating purposes, the bread frozen, or beginning to freeze the moment it is taken from the pocket—these are not the best constituents for a picnic. We never stop to cook in the middle of the day's journey; but a jar of boiling tea has been stowed in the blankets and has not lost all its warmth, and a sandwich or a scone carried in an inner pocket will not be frozen very hard.

On again, and at 1 P. M. we are passing Natatishe Point, about twenty-two miles from Moose. We reached the next point, Big Stone, before three o'clock, but as it was twenty-five miles to the next possible stopping place, we had to be content to go no farther that day. We had a cotton tent with us, and a small portable stove, and the first thing was to erect these in the shelter of the bush, and to get some wood for the fire. Of course, the floor of our tent, which is also our bed, is the trampled surface of snow, with a few pine branches laid on top. As soon as the stove was burning my bedding was laid in the tent, and, sitting on this, I proceeded to unpack and thaw my food, and to thaw myself. The stove had not been very well put up, and kept up a constant leakage of most pungent smoke, which soon caused me much real agony in the eyes.

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My supper of bread and butter, and a bird ready cooked, needed only to be thawed, and water to be boiled for tea; but the thawing takes long, and it was half-past four before it was ready. The men were busy cutting dry firewood, attending to the dogs and cooking their supper till later than this. The dogs are unharnessed and chained to trees, out of reach of each other as they are very quarrelsome, and presently fed with frozen fish, rabbits, or seal blubber, as the case may be. They sleep in the snow, coiled up without any shelter, and get very little attention. A tent with a stove is more comfortable for us than the open wigwam fire in the middle, which is always very bad for smoke. The cotton tent gets almost too hot while the stove is in full draft; but everything in it, except the sleepers, freezes solid at night. It was too smoky for comfort, so we lay down at eight o'clock.

My bedstead was snow, mattress pine branches, bed of rabbit-skin, and blanket of ditto. I think that the men must have lit the fire very early next morning. About three o'clock I awoke (indeed, I awoke several times before that, owing to the hardness of the bed and the cold), and put all my breakfast materials to thaw; but did not get up finally till four o'clock. It took us till six to thaw or cook our breakfast, and eat it, so that we did not start till 6:30.

The day was fine for us, but the snow was deep and soft, making heavy traveling. It was also cut into a succession of ridges by the winds, so that it was like crossing a plowed field diagonally. It was hard on the dogs, hard on the passenger if he rode, owing to the constant bumping of the sleigh, and very awkward snowshoeing over the ridges. The drivers had to walk the whole way, and I walked for an hour. I had come with borrowed snowshoes, which were too short and tight at the toes, so that I was sore and lame after half an hour. However, I managed two hours' more tramp after lunch, at 10:30, and we reached East Point at noon.

It was too late to go on to the next camp (twenty miles at least), so we made for the tent here and were in it by 2 P. M.; very early to stop, but there was no help for it. Here we used the "tent," *i. e.*, not our cotton markee, but a fixture of logs and poles and boughs, about fourteen feet in diameter, and open at the top, through which opening the smoke is supposed to go. One was roasting on the side near the fire, and freezing on the farther side. The smoke was dreadful, and very painful to my eyes; I could hardly read prayers for the pain and tears, and was glad to turn into bed at eight o'clock. It was a very cold night (about sixty-five degrees of frost, or thirty-three below zero); but I slept fairly well. Awaking in the night I found the hair on my forehead stiff with ice from my breath, and pillow and blankets ditto.

Thursday, up at four o'clock, and off at 6:15. A bitter morning, and I found the cold while preparing to start almost unbearable; but I got down under my sleigh-robes and dozed. We had to cross two or three small bays, about twenty miles from Cabbage Willows. Reaching Cabbage Willows at 1 P. M. we determined to press on. Then came the hardest bit of all. Here the snow had drifted to a great depth; all had to walk, one man tramping a path for the dogs, which fell into single-file, the leader being almost hidden in the snow. The second man and I walked by the sled, holding it up, and often helping to push it when the dogs stuck fast.

We reached Black Bear Point at six o'clock and hastened to get our tent fixed, wood cut, etc., before dark. We used our cotton tent and the stove here; the wood was rather green, and it took a long time to get the stove to burn and the food to thaw. That night and next morning were passed as before only that we got up about 3 A. M., and made an early start. It still kept cold, with a strong wind in our faces, so that, but for a short walk, I kept down under the blankets. About 9 A. M. we stopped to disentangle the dogs for the last time, and the leader was stripped of her harness and robed in a set gay with ribbons and colored wools, in which to arrive at the place. Directly after this we rounded a point and saw Rupert House a few miles off, and knew that they would at once see us. But it was a tedious two hours before we arrived.

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Rupert House is prettily situated on a high bank of the river, much higher than anything we have round flat Moose Fort. All the morning, and part of the day before, we had in sight, far to the north, Sherrick's Mount, a really high hill, and the only hill to be seen for many days' journey round Moose. A gang of men and boys came down the bank and gave the dogs a help up it, so that we arrived in style, on the run, with a great team, human and canine, to receive a most hearty greeting from the gentleman in charge of the post.

On a journey like this toilet exercises are of the most meagre kind, and undressing is not practicable; so the first thing to do was to get out of my deerskin coat, which was always shedding its hairs over everything, including my food, and then to have a good wash and thorough change. But I must pass on to my return, which I must dismiss with a few lines.

The weather was real fine while I was at Rupert House, and a high wind blowing all the time, so we expected the snow to be well packed and make the return journey easier. I had a native missionary and his man with me this time as my crew, and they were naturally not as expert at camping arrangements as the men I had before. Also, instead of eleven good dogs, we had only eight second-rate, so I did not expect to make such good time. The route was the same as that by which we came, but the division of it different. We started at 7 A. M., and managed to reach Cabbage Willows before dusk. My present crew were early risers, or we should not have reached home as soon as we did. They had the fire going by two o'clock, and I was up by three, but they were so slow over their preparations that it was after six when we started. I was up each morning by three at latest, but we only once got off before six; yet I was afraid to lie on lest they should be later still.

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The second day we only reached East Point; the third, by starting earlier, and traveling later, we passed Bigstone without stopping and camped at Natatishe Point. At Natatishe we used our markee and camped very luxuriously on top of a hard snowdrift four feet deep. The fourth day we started early and hoped to reach Moose before noon. But traveling was hard and the dogs tired, and we had a tedious time. I tramped a good bit of the way.

So we struggled along, getting our dogs into a run here and there, where the snow was not deep, past Pilgrims, the tail of our island, the servants' houses, the factory, along the ox-track, and then a scramble up the bank, and through the gap in the fence into our field at the side of the house, and so at home just as the Indian children were going into afternoon school at two o'clock. Thus ended my first dog trip. Some fun, some discomfort at least, toes frostbitten, nose and cheeks peeled from the sun and frost, well tanned, and with a fresh stock of health and appetite.—The Independent.

Wit of this Century

CLEVER THINGS BY CLEVER MEN

Imitating Dr. Johnson.—Of some imitators of the style of Dr. Johnson, Scott said, on one occasion, "Many can make Johnson report, but few can carry his bullet."

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Moore's Life of Sheridan.—Some one having declared that Moore, in his biography, had murdered Sheridan, George the Fourth is reported to have said: "I won't say that Mr. Moore has murdered Sheridan, but he has certainly attempted his life."

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Smith's Charade.—Horace Smith once puzzled a company by suddenly asking for a solution of the following charade: "My first is a dropper, my second a propper, and my whole a whopper!" No answer was forthcoming, when Smith explained that the word, in full, was Falstaff.

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Booth's Broken Nose.—Booth, the eminent tragedian, had a broken nose, referring to which a familiar friend said, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you—I can't get over your nose!"

"No wonder, madam," he said carelessly, "the bridge is gone!"

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Some Tall Shooting.—A sporting barrister on circuit was narrating his exploits to Lord Norbury, and declared that he had once shot thirty-three hares before his breakfast. "Thirty-three hairs!" echoed Norbury, affecting astonishment; "sounds, sir! then you must have been firing at a wig."

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Longfellow's Vein of Quiet Humor.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was introduced to a gentleman named Longworth, when some one commented upon the similarity of their names. "Yes," said the poet modestly, "but in this case I fear Pope's line will fully apply: 'Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.'"

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The Wedding Ring.—Sir John Bowring, during a theological conversation, is said to have summed up his objections to the marriage service used by the Church of England as follows: "Look at it; 'with this ring I thee wed'—that's sorcery; 'with my body I thee worship'—that's idolatry; 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow'—that's a lie!"

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Making a Comic Punch.—It was Sydney Blanchard who once disconcerted a number of the chief contributors to Punch. The occasion was a discussion, across the walnuts and the wine, of "known wants" in the world of books. As though suddenly struck with the happiest of happy thoughts, he exclaimed that he would go home forthwith and start—a *comic* Punch!

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Dueling in the Dark.—One of Rogers' favorite stories was of an Englishman and a Frenchman who agreed to fight a duel in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to kill his antagonist, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman! "When I tell this story in France," Rogers was wont to add, "I always make the Englishman the one who goes up the chimney."

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The Ministerial Bell.—A loquacious minister was once suddenly asked by Dr. Whately, "Pray, sir, why are you like the bell of your own church steeple?" "Because," said the other sententiously, "I am always ready to sound the alarm when the church is in danger." "By no means," remarked the Archbishop, "it is because you have an empty head and a long tongue."

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Lincoln's Question.—An Englishman calling at the White House, enlarged to the untraveled President Lincoln upon the differences between Englishmen and Americans. "Great difference in many respects," said the visitor, "great difference! You Americans do things an Englishman would never think of doing. Now, for instance, an English gentleman would never think of blacking his own boots." "Ah, indeed!" said Lincoln, "whose would he black?"

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Correctly Entered.—"One day, when at Eaton," said Sir F. H. Doyle, "I was steadily computing the odds for the Derby race as they stood in a morning newspaper. Gladstone leaned over my shoulder to look at the horses named. Now, it happened that the Duke of Grafton owned a colt named Hampden, who figured in the aforesaid list. 'Well,' cried Mr. Gladstone, reading off the odds, 'Hampden, at any rate, I see, is in his proper place, between Zeal and Lunacy.' For such, in truth, was the position occupied by the four-footed namesake of the illustrious rebel."

EDITOR'S NOTE—These bright sayings have been selected from Bon-Mots of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Alice Woodward. Published by Macmillan and Company.

Courtships of Our Presidents

FROM WASHINGTON TO CLEVELAND

WE KNOW little about the courtships of the Presidents, but that little is full of interest, says a writer in the Louisville Commercial. George Washington was a Colonel when he first met Mrs. Custis. He was on his way to Williamsburg to see the Governor, when he was met by a Mr. Chamberlayne, who owned a plantation along the way, and was asked to stop and dine with him. Washington replied that his business was urgent, and he was only persuaded when Chamberlayne told him that he had a young widow visiting him who was rich and fair to look upon.

He finally accepted, saying that it could be only for dinner, and that, the meal over, he must hasten to Williamsburg by moonlight. He then threw the reins of his horse to Bishop, his body-servant, and told him to wait for his return. Dinner being over, the Virginia Colonel was so pleased that he was in no hurry to go. He forgot all about poor Bishop and his horse, and accepted an invitation to remain over night. It was, it may be said, a case of love at first sight.

Washington went on to Williamsburg the next day, and on his return he called at the house of Mrs. Custis and asked her hand in marriage. She accepted, and they were married in great style at her home on the Pamunkey River on the sixth of January, 1759. A honeymoon of several months was spent here, and then the couple took a wedding tour to Mount Vernon.

Mrs. Custis was twenty-six years old at the time, and Washington was three months her senior. Her maiden name was Martha Dandridge. She had been married at seventeen to Col. Daniel P. Custis, the son of John Custis, of Arlington, who was one of the grandees of early Virginia.

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John Custis had objected to this marriage, and had told Daniel that he would cut him off with a shilling if he persisted in carrying it out. He had arranged, he said, a marriage for him with the daughter of a Colonel Byrd, of Westover, and the contract had been made when the two children were babies in their cradles. Colonel Byrd was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the State, and John Custis wanted to see the two fortunes united in marriage. Col. Daniel Parke Custis persisted in his preference for Martha Dandridge, and his father finally consented to the match.

It was a happy one while it lasted, and Martha Custis had four children, two of whom were living at the time she married Washington. By the death of her first husband she was left wealthy, and she brought to her new husband about one hundred thousand dollars in money, and a large amount of real estate.

Martha Custis was a belle at seventeen, and at twenty-six she was a blooming widow. She was under middle size and had dark brown eyes and hair. Washington is said to have been a homely young man and a very fine-looking old one. Martha Washington was a very good-looking girl, but not a very good-looking old woman. As she matured she grew stout, and, though her pictures represent her as a beauty, the current history of the times says she was a plainly dressed, robust old woman, who looked older than her husband.

She was not noted for her social nor her intellectual qualities. She could not spell, and probably did not read a book from one end of the year to the other. She was a sort of goody-goody woman, who almost always had knitting needles in her hands, and who thought she did a great thing when she saved the ravelings of a lot of old black silk stockings, and worn-out chair covers, and wove them into a dress for herself. She was very proud of her husband, and they show the little room in the second story of the home at Mount Vernon in which she secluded herself after his death, seeing no one for months and allowing only a cat to enter the room through a hole which was cut under the door.

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Thomas Jefferson had rivals in his courtship with Martha Shelton, but he wooed her long, and married her one cold January night while the snow was on the ground. One night during his courtship two of his rivals happened to meet on Mrs. Shelton's doorstone. They stopped a moment as they heard the sound of music, and when they found the young widow's voice, accompanied by her harpsichord, joined with that of Jefferson and his violin, in a love song, they concluded not to enter, and gave up all hope.

Immediately after the marriage, Jefferson and his bride started out by carriage for Monticello, which lay one hundred miles away through the forests. They arrived late at night and found the fires all out, no wood at hand, and not a servant in the mansion. A half-bottle of wine made up their wedding supper, and they sang and laughed till morning. Jefferson at this time had an income of about five thousand dollars a year, and his wife brought him in a considerable estate. The license bond to their marriage, to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds, was written by Jefferson himself, and it now hangs among the curiosities in the State Library of Virginia, in the capitol building at Richmond.

Andrew Jackson's courtship was a stormy one. Mrs. Jackson's maiden name was Rachael Donelson. She was married very young to Captain Lewis Robards, a man of good family, but of bad habits and a very jealous disposition. Robards suspected every man who came in contact with his wife, and he at one time wrote home to his mother-in-law requesting her to take her daughter home, as he didn't intend to live with her any longer. So she went home at once.

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Mrs. Robards' mother was at this time a widow, keeping a boarding-house in Nashville, and Andrew Jackson was one of her boarders. Some years later the quarrel was made up, and Captain Robards came to live with his wife at Mrs. Donelson's. He at once became jealous of Jackson, quarreled with him, and the result was that Jackson left the family. Shortly after this Captain Robards again left his wife, and when Mrs. Robards announced her intention of going to Natchez to visit some of her friends in order to keep out of her husband's way, Jackson went with her. At Natchez he heard that a divorce had been granted to Mrs. Robards by the Virginia Legislature, and he married her. He brought her back to Tennessee, and then found that the Virginia Legislature had not granted the divorce, but had left it to the Court to do so. In the meantime Robards had gotten a divorce in Kentucky, and Jackson, in order to make his marriage absolutely safe, bought a new license and had the ceremony performed over again.

During Jackson's Presidential campaign the question of his marriage made great scandal, and Jackson was probably thinking of this when he put the testimonial of his wife's great worth in the epitaph which he wrote on her tombstone. Mrs. Jackson was not an educated woman. Her speech was ungrammatical and full of frontier idioms. She smoked a pipe, and what reading she did was confined to the Bible. She was twenty-three years old when Jackson married her, and he was about one year older.

Van Buren's wife died seventeen years before he became President. Her name was Hannah Hoes, and she was distantly related to him. He was engaged to her for a long time, but was not married to her until he could support her comfortably. They were of the same age, and their married life of twelve years was a happy one.

President Harrison was a Captain in the United States Army, just twenty-two years old, when he was married to Anna Symmes, a bright Ohio girl of twenty. Miss Symmes was the daughter of Judge Symmes, one of the associate judges of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territory. She was visiting her sister at Lexington, Kentucky, when she met Captain Harrison. They were married at North Bend, Ohio. Harrison then resigned his commission in the army, and was elected the first delegate to Congress from the Northwest Territory. Mrs. Harrison was not well when Harrison came to Washington in his official capacity, and she never lived in the White House.

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General Tyler, the son of President Tyler, says that his father was married twice, and he was the first President who was married while in the White House, Cleveland being the second. Shortly before President Tyler died he said to his son: "My son, I have in many respects been a fortunate man; but in no one particular respect have I had greater cause to congratulate myself than that, ever since I reached man's estate, I have passed only two years out of the marriage relation, for it has protected and preserved my moral life." General Tyler describes his mother, the President's first wife, as a dark-haired, fair-skinned lady, with a person which was a perfect mould of beauty. She was of medium size, and looked much like the Empress Josephine, save that her skin was fairer. Tyler met her at a ball given by one of the wealthy Douglases of Virginia, and at once fell in love. He was then about nineteen years old, and it was perhaps a year before he became engaged to her.

"This courtship," says General Tyler, "was much more formal than that of to-day. He was seldom alone with her before her marriage, and he has told me that he never mustered up courage enough to kiss his sweetheart's hand until three weeks before their wedding, though he was engaged to her for nearly five years. He asked her parents' consent before proposing to her, and when he visited her at the home of Colonel Christian, her father, on his large plantation, he was entertained in the parlors, where the whole family were assembled together.

"As was the custom then among the better class of Virginian families, the lover never thought of going out riding in the same carriage with his affianced, but rode along on horseback at the side of the carriage, which always contained one or more ladies in addition to his sweetheart to add decorum to the occasion." President Tyler and his first wife were of nearly the same age, he being only eight months her senior. Their wedding took place on his twenty-third birthday, and their married life of twenty-nine years was a most happy one.

President Tyler's second marriage took place two years after the death of his first wife. Tyler was fifty-four years old. The bride was a girl hardly out of her teens. Her name was Miss Julia Gardiner, and she was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of New York. General Tyler says that in the second winter after his mother's death, Mr. Gardiner and his two daughters came to Washington on their return from Europe. They visited the White House one Thursday evening, and he, as private secretary, took their cards, they being unknown to him, and introduced them to the family. A short time after they called upon his sister, who was then presiding at the White House, and she returned their call, discovering that the girls were very beautiful and accomplished, and also of excellent family. They repeated their visit to the White House during the season, returning to New York at its close.

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After a time President Tyler began to look with eyes of love at one of the Misses Gardiner, and finally proposed a marriage with her to her father and mother. His proposal was well received, and, the young lady being willing, the marriage was determined upon. It took place in New York. General Tyler thinks it would have been an indelicate thing to have had it celebrated at the White House. President Tyler lived seventeen years with his second wife, and had a number of children by her.

Mrs. President Polk was a belle of Tennessee, and there is a tradition in Tennessee that Polk was advised by General Jackson to marry her. Andrew Jackson, a great friend of young Polk, thought his attentions among the ladies were entirely too promiscuous. He urged him to select one of the number of sweethearts, so the story goes, telling him at the same time that among them all he could not find a sweeter woman or a better wife than Sallie Childress. Polk took Jackson's advice, and was accepted.

President Pierce met his wife while he was studying law. Her maiden name was Jane Means Appleton. She was the daughter of a President of Bowdoin College, and was married at the age of twenty-three, when Pierce was a member of the Lower House of Congress. She was not well enough while in the White House to make much of a social figure. She died in 1863, six years before her husband.

Fillmore was twice married, and his first wife was by far the superior. Her name was Abigail Powers, the youngest child of a Baptist clergyman of New York. She was tall, fine-looking and well formed, with a fair complexion and beautiful eyes. Her pictures, as Lady of the White House, represent her with luxuriant curls hanging down the sides of her face, and a white lace cap upon her head. She was two years older than Fillmore when they were married.

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Ellen Terry's One-Line Part.—This story is related of Ellen Terry. One evening a company of amateurs were about to give a performance for the benefit of some charity. There was one very small part, that of maid-servant, and each one of the amateurs loftily said that she would not play it. Very much provoked, Edith Wardell, daughter of Miss Terry, who was one of the company, startled everybody by announcing that she would get her mother to do it; and sure enough, she did. On the night of the performance the little theatre was crowded, and when the maid appeared in her pink clothes it was a wonder the applause that greeted her did not lift the roof off the house. It was with the greatest difficulty she finally succeeded in getting silence enough to say the one line that was her part: "Please, ma'am, did you say you were hout or hin?"

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Cecil Rhodes' Love of Animals.—Cecil Rhodes is passionately interested in wild animals, and in his beautiful Cape Town home he has afforded himself the expensive luxury of a regular zoo, which consists of an immense park peopled by almost every known carnivorous animal to be found in South Africa. In truth, this curious patch of forest may be called the animals' paradise, for all its inmates are at complete liberty, except for the wire fence surrounding it. As for the African lions and leopards, they are, of course, kept on another portion of the estate. Cecil Rhodes has spent, on this hobby alone, considerably over $500,000.

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Tosti's Recreation.—Signor Tosti, the composer, after a hard day's work, either teaching or composing, seeks recreation in his favorite amusement of upholstering. The greater part of the chairs, and the whole of his wife's boudoir, have been upholstered by him. His work is really well done.

How Lent is Observed

CUSTOMS OF MANY LANDS

By John Wallace

"LENT in this country is not what it is at home." The speaker was a German woman, with a soft voice tinctured with an accent slightly provincial. She was talking to her companion, a man in holiday mood and his "best" clothes at a table in a little café on the "East Side" of New York.

"On Ash Wednesday, in my part of the old country, the girls and boys all get together, and the boys have a great big wagon like a hay-shelving. The girls are all good dancers and singers, and the boys can sing, too. The girls get in the wagon and the lads pull it instead of horses, the whole crowd singing at top voice, and away we go to a stream. There we all used to take off our shoes and stockings and wade, and after that dance on the green."

This is only one of the many strange Lenten customs that prevail in different parts of the Old World. In France, on Ash Wednesday, the peasants dress up a pole like a man, and put a ruddy, good-natured false-face on it. Then they carry this from door to door and announce that this is "Good Cheer" who is going to die to-day and wants money to pay his funeral expenses. The money is collected, and after grotesque ceremonies such as those indulged in by college boys in this country in mock burials, the body of "Good Cheer" is interred.

In the English Court, up to the time of George I, there was an officer of the Royal household called the "King's Cock-Crower," whose duty it was during the Lenten season to "crow the hours" of the night, instead of having the watchmen call them as they usually did at other seasons of the year.

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On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of George I, this extraordinary functionary crowed ten times just as the Prince of Wales (afterward George II) sat down to supper. The Prince, ignorant of the ceremony, was with difficulty restrained from thrashing the perpetrator of what he deemed an unheard-of insult. Explanations followed, and the Royal dignity was appeased by the abolishment of the office.

On the first Sunday in Lent in the Eifel Mountains of Rhenish Prussia, a great wheel is made of straw and dragged to the top of the hill by three horses. At night the boys of the neighboring villages, armed with torches, climb to the hill-top, set fire to the straw and roll the wheel down the hillside. At the bottom of the hill the torches are flung on top of the wheel and all those present set up a hymn. This ceremony, they explain, is to propitiate the Virgin, so that she will bless the fruits of the year.

In Spanish countries Lent is represented by an effigy dressed as an old woman, which is carried through the streets by boys and girls fantastically garbed. As the procession moves along those who compose it cry out: "Saw down the old woman! Saw down the old woman!" This cry is kept up until midnight, all of the promenaders meanwhile knocking at each door until every one is aroused. When the hour of twelve comes a giant saw is produced and the figure is sawed in two.

The Neapolitans have a very curious custom. A doll called Lent is made. It is clothed in a black gown and wears a white head-dress like a nun. In the right hand there is a distaff covered with flax, and the legs are pointed sticks, one end fitting into the doll's body and the other into an orange. In the orange there are also seven quills representing the seven weeks of Lent.

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A willow hoop is hung under this orange, and to it are attached samples of various kinds of foods permissible to eat during the penitential season, together with two flasks, one filled with wine and one with spirits.

On Ash Wednesday this odd figure is hung in the window, or, sometimes, from one window to another across the street. Each Saturday one of the seven quills is plucked out with great ceremony and the plucking of the quill is attended with great rejoicing.

When Holy Saturday comes the effigy is filled with gunpowder and set on a funeral pyre. As the powder explodes and the tattered figure is blown to pieces there is a siaz of crackers and squibs, and a feast of candy, for meat is not allowed until the next day.

In Rome many of the smaller churches are closed during all the year except at the Lenten season. Then the approaches are laid with sand and boxwood, and the professional beggars line the way like soldiers.

The Greek Church keeps four Lents, quarterly, throughout the year, and during these seasons there is abstinence from meat and gayety on the part of those who are observing them. There are thousands of members of this church who eat meat only on two days in the year, Easter and New Year's Day.

The chief Lenten food from the early days has always been fish, and by a very ancient charter Yarmouth, in England, was bound to send to the King during Lent one hundred herrings, they being considered luxuries.

The Puritans not only did not keep Lent, but they emphasized their disapproval of those who did keep it in the most strict and rigidly marked way.—New York Times.

The Plots of Famous Books

TRIFLING SOURCES OF INSPIRATION

THERE is a general custom among modern novelists to refrain from telling how, why, or where, their plots were created. How much better it would be, in face of the common achievement of book-writing, if a few pages were added to the last chapter which would reveal the creation of the plot. Would there not be a little surprise in store for the reader? Would the fascination not grow stronger upon him as, chapter after chapter, he neared the end?

It is known only of a few novelists as to how they get their plots. I may say, however, that no one of any reputation has locked himself in a room, and sat down with his pen and pipe and waited for an inspiration to seize him. No; the novelist's stock of ideas is distributed among real men and women, and things throughout Nature's own sphere.

A glance out of the window at a sparrow chirping cheekily at the cat beneath, may give the germ for a railway mishap, as it did to Grant Allen, who made such a complication the real climax of his What's Bred in the Bone.

The sight of a woman's beautiful face side by side with a murderer's hideous features may furnish the central figure for a book, as it did to Rider Haggard in Dawn. A lady in a church at Norwood, at which Mr. Haggard was attending, was Angela, Mr. Haggard's heroine's original. She was sitting next to the murderer (not then brought to justice), and so striking was the contrast that Mr. Haggard instantly left his pew and put the idea in his note-book at home.

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Hardly a plot that has grown into a famous book has been hatched by mere racking of brains. A pipe or a cup of tea might aid you in embellishing the scheme when you have hit upon it, but no amount of smoking or tea-drinking will help create the plot itself.

Present-day plots are wrought more often by actuality than by imagination. They surround us at every moment, and a novelist is merely a man who realizes their presence and who can distinguish the good from the bad, while we are blind to them and pass them by.

When, in his early days of novel-writing, Mr. James Payn's slender experiences were exhausted, and he was on the lookout for a plot for his next book, a traveling menagerie visited Edinburgh, where he was stopping. The principal attraction of the show was Tickeracandua, The African Lion-tamer. Mr. Payn was very much interested in this man, and they often sat down to meals together. The lion-tamer related the most sensational adventures that man has ever had with the king of beasts. The idea of writing a book about it never occurred to Mr. Payn until the lion-tamer came to a tragic end by being torn to pieces by his animals. Mr. Payn strung all these incidents together in a book, under the title of The Family Scapegrace—a great work that has often been imitated by less imaginative writers.

It too often happens that a man has an excellent plot but a poor style of telling his story, and vice versa. To these less-gifted persons a popular novelist has offered to sell plots of his own invention for a quarter of the profits which the book may afterward make. This is a reasonable transaction; but once, unfortunately, he unwittingly sent his applicant an old plot. The book was published, and the author censured very heavily for theft. The popular novelist, however, explained the matter, and consequently recouped the applicant for his loss.

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A most commonplace thing sometimes will form the germ of a novel if it attracts the author while he is in an inventive mood. Mr. Clark Russell, the sea-story writer, worked out one of his fascinating nautical romances—The Wreck of the Grosvenor—from a barrel of tainted pork which was washed up at his feet on the Kentish shore. The barrel had been thrown overboard from a ship whose crew had mutinied. The ship was afterward wrecked on the Downs. Hitherto, crews had never mutinied for the shipment of bad food. No writer, said Mr. Russell, had touched this ugly feature of sea life before. It was a good idea, certainly, and Mr. Russell soon found a public to read his book.

It was but a spidery formation in black and white on a school-slate that gave the germ for a still greater work—Treasure Island.

Robert Louis Stevenson watched a boy draw a map of Scotland during school-hours at Pitlochry. The boy made a mess of it, with its irregular west coastline, and flung the slate away, saying he was sick of geography and wanted "something craggy to break his mind upon."

Silently Stevenson picked up the slate and took it home. Some months after the boy was astonished to receive a copy of a new book, called Treasure Island, with a colored map, something like his eccentric drawing of Scotland. Up out of those spidery pencilings had sprung Treasure Island, which brought fame to this over-sensitive inhabitant of Pitlochry.

Sea stories, of course, have been written about chiefly from experience. In your younger days Ballantyne's Lighthouse must have thrilled you with its vivid accounts of Scottish sea life. But that romance would never have been written if the author hadn't been imprisoned, for three weeks, in Bell Rock Lighthouse owing to the absence of ships through continuous gales. The late Mr. Ballantyne didn't go to the Bell Rock, as you would imagine, "in search of local color"; he merely went on a private visit; but, more by accident than anything else, he struck such a mine of information that he decided to write a book on the subject.

There is a story told of one of our great writers which shows what peculiar moods some men must be in before they can concentrate their thoughts on their work. This writer had suddenly leaped from Fleet Street sub-editing into book-writing fame, and, having invented a good plot for a novel, went into the country to write it. But the ink dried on his pen. He couldn't think. His mind wandered. Suddenly a boy banging on a biscuit tin passed under his study window. The louder the noise on the biscuit tin the swifter the writer's pen flew across the paper. The secret was out. It was the absence of Fleet Street roar and rattle that silenced his brain. So he gave the boy a coin, and told him to continue the din every morning till his work was finished.

Conan Doyle has a similar weakness. He is outside the pale of the literary world. The intervals of his medical practice some years ago were occupied by plotting for a series of short stories. He was most prolific of schemes while noisy messengers were walking in and out and round about his surgery. To be left alone in silence in his room was fatal to his stories.

He welcomed a bang at the door, and a squeaky voice, "Please, Doctor, mother wants to know if she is to add water to that medicine?" It gave him local color, and sort of inspired him with fresh ideas. And if an urgent case did compel him to stop and leave his hero hanging by his little finger over a yawning precipice, he would come back with a better notion as to how to save him from destruction.—Answers.

* * *

America's Great Railways

THE London Times concluded recently the publication of a series of articles comparing English with American railroads, somewhat to the advantage of the American. In these articles reference is made to the many mechanical obstacles, topographical and climatic, which our railroads have had to overcome.

Other obstacles than those due to peculiar geographical conditions and sudden and serious variations in temperature have been surmounted not less successfully. These may be summarized as four: The opposition of the trolley roads, Government improvement of competing waterways, telephone communication, and the rivalry of the Post Office Department.

The present mileage of electric or trolley railroads in the United States is, approximately, fourteen thousand miles, exclusive of six hundred miles of cable and less than one thousand miles of horse-car lines, though only a few years ago the street railroads were almost wholly horse-car lines.

The development of the trolley system of traction has assured closer and cheaper connection between towns on the lines of railroad connection, and consequently the important and profitable item of local passenger traffic has been cut into severely. Electric lines are cheaply constructed, the roadbed costing little, and expensive locomotives and cars not being required. There is no burdensome transportation of fuel, no expenditure for terminals or stations, and practically no expenses for track walking.

Many towns, more especially in the Middle and New England States, were built up by their proximity to a railroad, but during the last few years the passenger traffic between such towns has been diverted to a considerable extent from the steam to the electric railroads established to connect them; but the losses of the steam railroads have been made up by more progressive and economical operations. Incidentally, we may add that the Federal Government expended for mail service by electric and cable lines last year three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

All American railroads, and especially the trunk lines connecting the agricultural West with the Atlantic seaboard, have been operated in competition with the all-water lines through the lakes and the canals. Where the element of time is unimportant, transportation by water is uniformly cheaper, and is also sometimes more desirable, than by steam cars, and during the last ten years many millions of dollars have been appropriated by the Federal Government in improving the facilities of lake commerce, in broadening the channels of rivers, and in promoting internal commerce generally. Such expenditures, supplemented by like expenditures by the States, more particularly New York, Michigan and Illinois, have necessitated reduction of rates or large outlays by the railroad companies for improved service.

In the United States nearly eight hundred thousand telephones are now in use, with six hundred thousand miles of telephone wire, three hundred and fifty thousand telephone stations, and, it is said, nearly three million telephone messages daily. In many cases where formerly the transaction of business involved a railroad journey, the telephone renders it unnecessary, and accordingly the passenger receipts of railroads have suffered to a considerable extent; and it is noticeable that where the telephone service is imperfect or undeveloped this effect is not marked.

The Post Office Department transports in a year over fifteen million pounds of fourth-class mail-matter formerly sent by express over railroad lines at considerable profit.

In spite of all these obstacles—the reduction of local traffic by the competition of the trolley lines, the Government outlays on water improvements, the extension of telephones, and the increase of fourth-class mail matter—the railroads of the United States have maintained their efficiency and vastly improved their service, and also have reduced their rates, thus justifying the very favorable comments of foreign students of their operation. The railroads of the United States carried last year more than five hundred million passengers, and more than eight hundred and fifty million tons of freight, earning more than a billion and a quarter dollars, an approximate net profit of one million dollars a day.—New York Sun.

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Two Lincoln Stories

DRAWING DOWN THE DISEASE.—At the very outset of the war, sundry wise men from New York urged Mr. Lincoln to keep away Confederate armies from Washington by naval attacks upon Southern seaports. It reminded him, he said, of a New Salem, Illinois, girl who was troubled with a "singing in her head" for which there seemed to be no remedy, but a neighbor promised a cure if they would "make a plaster of psalm tunes and apply to her feet, and draw the singing down."

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—Speech at Chicago, Illinois, July 10, 1858: "My friend has said that I am a poor hand to quote Scripture. I will try it again, however. It is said in one of the admonitions of our Lord: 'As your Father in Heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect.' The Saviour, I suppose, did not expect any human creature could be perfect as the Father in Heaven; but He said: 'As your Father in Heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect.' He set that up as a standard, and he who did most in reaching that standard attained the highest degree of moral perfection. So I say in relation to the principle that all men are created equal, let it be as nearly reached as we can. If we cannot give freedom to every creature, let us do nothing to impose slavery upon any other creature."

The Origin of "Mrs. Grundy"

HOW many who daily use the name of Mrs. Grundy have any idea of her origin? It is generally believed that Dickens was somehow responsible for her, but a writer in the Dundee Advertiser points out that this is an utter mistake. The real creator of Mrs. Grundy was Thomas Morton, the dramatist (born 1764, died 1838), the father of the author of Box and Cox, and she is referred to in his comedy, Speed and Plough, which was first performed in 1798. Mrs. Grundy is not a character in that play; she is merely a mysterious personage whom Dame Ashfield, the farmer's wife, constantly quotes, much in the same way as Sarah Gamp alludes to Mrs. Harris.

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